

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

### Betrothal of the Royal Bride.

It was the autumn of 1855, and in the midst of the public rejoicings at the news of the fall of Sebastopol, that Prince Frederick William of Prussia, nephew of the reigning King, and heir presumptive, once removed, to the crown, without much previous public announcement, came to pay a visit to her Majesty. The Prince was received by the Queen and the ladies and gentlemen of the household at Balmoral, Scotland. After enjoying a most pleasant visit in the Highlands, the Prince returned home, and a Berlin newspaper, apparently on authority, announced the prospective union. Meantime the bridegroom elect made frequent visits from time to time to England, and took part with the court in many interesting ceremonies. On the 18th of May her Majesty communicated the gratifying intelligence to the House of Commons, and a discussion ensued which ended in granting the Princess \$36,000 a-year for life, and an outfit of \$180,000. The marriage was fixed to take place on the 25th January, 1858, and the necessary preparations to give it eclat were shortly set on foot.

### The Chapel Royal.

The Chapel Royal has undergone many changes since Holbein built it for Henry VIII. It has been a Roman Catholic Chapel, a Protestant Chapel, then a store-room, then a guard-room, then a Protestant Chapel again, and lastly the Chapel Royal.

It was in this chapel that Anne espoused George of Denmark, who frequented the chapel rather than used it—sleeping out the sermons, which he accompanied with a nasal voluntary such as even the lungs of Burnet could not always overcome. That vigorous prelate, however, brought about a reform in another respect, and, to put an end to the distracting flirtations which used to be carried on here, persuaded Queen Anne to heighten the pews till they resembled bathing boxes, and so compelled their occupants, who had nothing but the service to occupy their attention, to follow the somnolent example of Prince George. George III. was married here in the afternoon with very little pomp or ceremony. George IV. was married here also at ten o'clock at night. The massive hooks for the chandeliers which were used upon this occasion are still visible over the altar. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was married at Carlton House; but William IV. was married here, and the chapel lengthened one-third to accommodate those present at that ceremony. When her Majesty's marriage was celebrated here in 1840 most of the old high-backed sleeping pews were allowed to remain. Her royal pew was built in the new portion of the chapel, over the entrance door, and here she used regularly to attend divine service till the Russian



THE BRIDESMAIDS ATTENDING UPON THE PRINCESS ROYAL.



Francis tried to shoot her, one Sunday morning in 1842, while passing in her carriage to the chapel. From that day, we believe, she has never been present at any ceremony in the chapel save the marriage of the Duke of Sutherland's daughter to the Earl of Grosvenor in 1850.

#### The Processions.

It is half past twelve o'clock, and the excitement of expectation in the chapel increases every moment. Ladies near the door intrigue successfully to change their places with lords who are nearer to the altar. A noble countess drops her cloak and shawl over the gallery rail on to the floor with a heavy "flop," and a general titter ensues. It is increased as another peeress, looking over, moults the feathers from her head-dress, and they come sailing slowly down, and every one looks up, much as people do at the theatre when a playbill goes eddying over into the pit. Suddenly there is a little stir, and the Princess of Prussia entered the chapel, magnificently attired in a robe of white satin, and with her train borne by the youthful Countess Hacke. With her Royal Highness came their Highnesses Prince Adalbert and Prince Frederick Charles, and a most brilliant suite of Prussian officers. The whole brilliant audience of the chapel rises *en masse* and bows as the Princess Royal's mother-in-law elect passes on to the altar.

There were two young ladies who entered with this group to whom general attention was drawn, when it became known that they stood in the interesting relation to the Princess Royal of being the first ladies appointed by the Prussian Court to be in waiting on the future Princess of Prussia; in fact, the first Prussian countrywomen of the English Princess Royal. These were the Countess Hohenthal and the Countess Lynar; each of these young ladies were of exceedingly interesting appearance, and about equal in years to the Princess herself. Both were attired in pink.

Hardly were the Prussian ladies seated on the left-hand side, when faintly in the distance the long-blown, clear, defiant notes of the trumpeters were heard. They come nearer and nearer, and the last arrivals among the visitors hasten to arrange themselves, while the officers of the household fall into brilliant line along the pathway up the chapel at either side. Step by step the advance of the trumpeters is followed; now they are descending the staircase, the regular roll and beat of the silver kettle-drums become audible, and the regular triumphant flourish proclaims the approach of Majesty. The trumpeters, pursuivants, clerks and equerries file off outside the chapel, but the Lord Steward, Norroy, Clarendon, Garter, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal of England, and others of high note and rank, all enter. But they enter almost unobserved, for from behind them comes the Princess Mary of Cambridge, her train borne by Lady Arabella Sackville West. A murmur of approbation, which neither time nor place could altogether subdue, greets her as she enters the chapel, bowing with stately elegance in return for the homage rendered her. After her Royal Highness comes the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt; and to the Duke also a tribute of cordial respect is paid. The Duchess of Cambridge is received in the same manner, but a deeper reverence awaits the Duchess of Kent, who smilingly, and as to friends, returns the greeting. The next great notability is the veteran Premier, who bears before the Queen the Sword of State in pious solemnity. After this even the royal princes are noticed, and every one bows slowly and deeply as her Majesty, leading in either hand Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, enters the chapel. Of course on these occasions there is no applause, and nothing but the prolonged obeisances denote the depth of loyal welcome with which the royal mother of the bride is welcomed. The Queen looks, as she always looks, kindly and amiable, but self-possessed and stately. On her head is a crown of jewels, such as relieves all apprehensions as to the effect which the late Hanoverian "raid" upon the royal caskets might have had upon her Majesty's toilet. Courtesying in acknowledgment of the profound homage with which she was welcomed, her Majesty passes at once to her chair of state on the left of the altar, and which was placed between the five embroidered settees occupied by the youngest royal children. From this time all remained standing in the presence of Majesty, even the Princess of Prussia, who stood on the opposite side of the altar.

All eyes, however, were fixed upon the royal bridegroom, as he walked slowly, but with the most perfect ease and elegance of action, up the centre of the chapel. He wore the uniform of a Prussian General, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia. The uniform showed his tall figure to advantage, and set off his frank, open countenance and prepossessing bearing. Near the altar he stopped before her Majesty's chair of state, and slowly bowed with the most profound reverence, and turning to his royal mother, he bowed again with equal respect, but less deeply than to the Queen, and then, kneeling in the centre of the chapel, prayed with earnest devotion for a few minutes. His prayers ended, he rose, and stood at the right hand of the altar, waiting his bride, and likewise submitting to such a scrutiny from hundreds of brilliant eyes as never bachelor withstood alone before.

After a while, the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain again left the chapel to usher in the procession of the bride, and with their absence a heavy silence of suspense stole upon the assembled guests, and deepened as the moments passed. The very little whispering gradually grew less and less, until it stopped entirely, the plumes ceased to wave, and even the restless glitter of the diamonds seemed almost quenched as the noble assemblage sat mute and attentive with their eyes turned in eager expectation towards the door. At last there was a slight stir without, and a subdued movement passed through the chapel as the glittering uniform of the officers of arms is seen to pass through the door. The trumpets are again heard nearer and nearer, till again they die away in subdued cadence, which had an inexpressibly soft and beautiful effect.

The great officers of state entered the chapel, but no one noticed them, for there was a peculiar movement without, and a soft rustling of silk was clearly audible. In another second the bride was at the door, and stood "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls" that bloom in fair array behind her.

The court list of the ceremonial tells us that the illustrious personage on whom her right hand gently rested was the Prince Consort, that on her left stood his Majesty the King of the Belgians; and from the same source we derive our knowledge that both were in full uniform, and wore the collars and insignia of the great European Orders of Knighthood to which each belongs. Without these aids to recognition, even these royal personages would have passed to the altar unnoticed and unknown, so deep, so all-absorbing, is the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself. The gorgeous veil she wore depending from her head-dress was thrown off, and hung in massive folds behind, leaving the expression of her face completely visible as she walks slowly, her head slightly stooped in bashfulness, and her eyes cast down upon the ground. Thus all could see distinctly the mild, amiable expression of her face, so replete with kindness and deep feeling, and that peculiarly touching aspect of sensitiveness, to attempt to portray which would "only prove how vainly words essay to fix the spark of beauty's heavenly ray." Her bright bloom of color had completely deserted her, and even when compared with her snowy dress, her cheeks seemed pale, and her whole appearance denoted agitation. She looked very young too—almost like a child.

#### The Bridal Costumes.

In these ceremonies we believe the dress of the bride ranks only next in importance to the celebration of the service; but on this occasion the Princess Royal wore one so thoroughly in good taste that it is difficult to remark anything, save that it was exquisitely becoming, beautiful and white. In fact, its unity only recalls to mind the belle of the French Court, who is said to dress with such a perfection of good taste that one can never observe what she wears.

The bridal dress, then, was of white moiré antique, the body trimmed with Honiton lace, and a bouquet of orange flowers and myrtle. The petticoat or skirt was trimmed with three flounces of Honiton lace. The design of the lace consisted of bouquets in open work of the rose, shamrock and thistle, in three medallions. Above each flounce in front of the dress were wreaths of orange and myrtle blossoms (the latter being the bridal flower of Germany), every wreath was studded with bouquets of the same flowers, and the length of each being so graduated as to give the appearance of a robe defined by flowers. The apex of this floral pyramid is formed by the large bouquet worn above the girdle. The train, which was of the unusual length of more than three yards, was of white moiré antique, bordered with a ruche of satin ribbons, Honiton lace, and a double wreath or bordering of orange flowers and myrtle, similar to those on the flounces of the dress, with bouquets at short

intervals. The head-dress was a wreath of orange flowers and myrtle, with a veil of Honiton lace.

Next to the interest excited by the appearance of the bride herself was the feeling created by the fair bridesmaids, who "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," followed in stately array, bearing up the rich train of the Princess Royal between them. The ladies honored with this distinguished mark of royal favor were all among the personal friends of the young bride, and, what is most singular, are every one finally descended from the great royal houses of England and Scotland. They followed the bride two by two—Lady Susan-Charlotte-Catherine Pelham Clinton, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle; Lady Cecilia-Catherine Gordon Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Katharine Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn; Lady Emma-Charlotte Smith Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby; Lady Susan-Catherine-Mary Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore; Lady Constance Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Victoria Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; and Lady Cecilia-Maria-Charlotte Molyneux, daughter of the Earl of Sefton.

The dresses worn by this fair train were from a design furnished by the illustrious bride herself. They consisted of a white glacé petticoat, entirely covered by six deep tulle flounces, over which fell a tulle of tulle trimmed with ruches of tulle; looped up on one side with a bouquet of pink roses and white heather. The body was trimmed with draperies of tulle, with hanging sleeves of the same material trimmed with ruches. A bouquet of the same flowers was worn in the girdle and upon each shoulder.

#### The Marriage Ceremony.

As the bride passed up to the altar she stopped and made a deep reverence to her mother, though with evident agitation, and her face flushed like crimson; then, again turning, she rendered the same homage to the Prince of Prussia. As she did so the bridegroom elect advanced; and kneeling on one knee, fervently pressed her hand.

Taking their places then at the altar, the service commenced with a chorale, which pealed through the little building with the most solemn effect.

The hymn over, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury took his place in the centre of the altar, and assisted by the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Bishop of Oxford, as Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Chester, as Clerk of the Closet, the Dean of Windsor, as Domestic Chaplain, and the Rev. Dr. Wealey, as Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the marriage service was commenced at exactly ten minutes to one.

The R.ubic was rigidly adhered to throughout. After going through the usual formulae, the Most Rev. Primate, who was very indistinctly heard, asked the royal bridegroom—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" To this the Prince replied loud and clear, "I will."

To the same question the faint answer of the bride was barely audible, though the attention of all was strained to the utmost to catch the feebly-uttered words.

To the next—"Who giveth this woman away?" the Prince Consort replied loudly, "I do."

Then the Prince took his bride's hand in his own in earnest warmth, and repeated slowly and distinctly after the Primate—"I, Frederick-William-Nicholas-Charles, take thee, Victoria-Adelaide-Mary-Louise, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Again, in reply, the words of the bride are almost lost, and she seems faint and tremulous enough to excite uneasiness among her ladies.

The Prince then, taking the ring from his brother Albert, said with marked emphasis—"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

At the moment the ring was placed upon the bride's finger, a salvo of artillery, arranged by signal, reverberated through the corridors and chapel; and at the same instant a telegraphic message was despatched to Berlin, where a similar salute was to mark the event.

The usual prayer was then offered up, and the Primate, joining their hands together, said, "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder."

A psalm was then sung.

The royal couple then knelt, with all the bridesmaids, while the rest of the ceremony was proceeded with, the Bishop of London, in a clear and distinct voice, reading the exhortation.

At the concluding words the "Hallelujah Chorus" rose loud and clear, with thrilling effect.

Hardly had the last words of the chorus died away in solemn echoes, when the ceremonial, as arranged by chamberlains and heralds, ended; and the bride, giving vent to her evidently long pent-up feelings, turned and flung herself upon her mother's bosom with a suddenness and depth of feeling that thrilled through every heart. Again and again her Majesty strained her to her heart and kissed her, and tried to conceal her emotion, but it was both needless and in vain, for all perceived it, and there were few who did not share it. We need not mention how the bridegroom embraced her, and how, as she quitted him, with the tears stealing down her cheeks, she threw herself into the arms of her father, while her royal husband was embraced by the Princess of Prussia in a manner that evinced all that a mother's love can show. The most affectionate recognition, however, took place between the bridegroom and his royal father, for the latter seemed overpowered with emotion, and the former, after clasping him twice to his heart, knelt and kissed his parent's hand.

The Queen then rose, and, hurrying across the *haut pas* with the Prince Consort, embraced the Princess of Prussia as one sister would another after long parting, and, turning to the Prince of Prussia, gave him her hand, which as he stooped to kiss she stopped him, and declined the condescension by offering her cheek instead. But words will feebly convey the effect of the warmth, the abandonment of affection and friendship with which these greetings passed, the reverence with which the bridegroom saluted her Majesty, the manly heartiness with which he wrung the Prince Consort's hand.

After a few minutes had been allowed for the illustrious personages to recover their composure, during which the bride again lost her, while she received, with all the affecting warmth of a young and attached family, the congratulations of her brothers and sisters, the procession prepared to leave the church. There was some little hurry as the various personages fell into their places, but at last the bride and bridegroom left the chapel, the spectators following in the order they entered before the ceremony.

There was no mistake about the expression of the bride's face as she quitted the sacred building: her delicate color returned, her eyes brightened with emotion. Even the most reserved felt moved, and an audible "God bless her," passing from mouth to mouth, accompanied her upon her way. The procession of her Majesty then passed to the throne-room in the same order in which it entered the chapel, and again re-assembled in that chamber. Here, in front of the massive throne on which have sat in state so many monarchs, a splendid table was set out, on which lay the register. As the dignitaries of the church returned to the throne room this was attested in the usual form.

An immense number of illustrious and noble individuals had the honor of signing the marriage document, and we append the order and arrangement in which the actual members of the royal families who did so affixed their signatures after those of the bride and bridegroom:

VICTORIA, ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT; PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA, DUCHESS OF SAXONY; LEOPOLD, VICTORIA, ALBERT EDWARD, ALFRED, ARTHUR, GEORGE, MARY ADELAIDE.

Every person present was presented with the "Marriage Service," beautifully printed in red and gold, and bound in white and gold.

#### The Princess Royal's Bridal Presents.

The Princess Royal received presents from every member of the Royal family, and from most of the illustrious guests who honored the marriage ceremony with their presence. The most conspicuous among the brilliant mass was the present of the King and Queen of Prussia—a lofty open coronet of diamonds, the design of which, with its thin spires of brilliant and open shell work between, is probably one of the most graceful that has ever been executed.

Equal with this were the presents of her Majesty. The first was

a broad diamond necklace, with a treble row of the most brilliant drops and long-pointed terminals, which match the light tracery of the coronet. The second gift from the royal mother consisted of three massive brooches, somewhat in the style and size of the Scotch plaid brooch, but which, instead of having an open circle in the middle, are in each case filled with a noble pearl of the very largest size and purity of color. The Queen gave a third present of three silver *esdelabra*, which form a most regal-looking group. The centre piece springs from an elaborate base, and is surrounded by large groups of figures exquisitely chased in full relief. This supports between twenty and thirty branches, and is four feet high. The two others were to match the centre, and were equally elaborate, and almost equally massive and lofty. This is said to be a present from the Queen to the bridegroom.

The Prince Consort gave a superb bracelet of brilliants, which is beautiful both in design and execution, and is altogether a most costly present. This had an additional interest in the eyes of visitors from its being one of the bracelets which the young bride wore at the Chapel Royal. That which she wore on the left arm was also a diamond and emerald bracelet, presented by the gentlemen of the royal household, but which, though a splendid present, and probably equal in value to the Prince's, is inferior to it in design. The Prince Consort's present was accompanied by a brooch, corresponding to the bracelet.

Other presents from her Majesty and the Prince Consort were made. One of these is an exquisite necklace of pearls, emeralds and diamonds. Within this we give a beautiful cachepeigne, an ornament worn at the back of the head; also a resile very chastely designed, also in pearls, diamonds and emeralds.

The gift of the Prince of Wales was in richness and beauty of effect far superior to all others. It was a suite of ear-rings, brooch, and necklace of opals and diamonds. The opals, in play of color and iridescence, are unsurpassed; and the design of the settings was quite in keeping with the exquisite beauty of the stones they enclose. The necklace pendant (in diamonds and pearls) was presented by the Prince of Wales. At its side was shown one of three rings presented by Prince Alfred, Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold.

But if the present of the Prince of Wales is the most magnificent and chaste in effect, that of the bridegroom was perhaps the most costly, though in appearance the most simple of any. It was a necklace of pearls, and our readers may easily judge of their value when we say that the necklace, though of full size, only requires thirty-six to complete the entire circle, which graduates in size from the centre, tapering less and less in size of jewels as it approaches each end. The three centre pearls in this superb circle are said to be of great value. The largest is not less than a Muscatel grape, and the value of the necklace is estimated at \$20,000.

The Princess of Prussia gave a truly regal gift of a stomacher brooch of brilliants. The stones in this superb ornament are large and of the purest water, and the setting and design were exquisite.

The Princess Alice presented her sister with a small but beautifully-formed brooch of pearls; and the younger Princesses gave each a massive stud brooch or button, similar in shape to those (in diamond and pearl) of the Queen's gowns, which have been already mentioned. These brooches are of massive gold, ornamented, one with pearls and emeralds, a second with pearls and rubies, and the third with pearls and sapphires. The offering of the Duchess of Cambridge was a noble bracelet of diamonds and opals, and that of the Princess Mary her portrait in massive gold frame and stand. One of the most beautiful of all was the gift of the bride's royal father-in-law, the Prince of Prussia. It was a magnificent necklace, with pendants of exquisite design. It was composed of pure brilliants and turquoise, and was called from the size, rarity and value of the latter gems, the Turquoise Necklace. The bride's grandmother, the venerable Duchess of Kent, gave a most magnificent and useful present. It was a large and most costly dressing-case, containing sufficient articles to fit out the toilet tables of a dozen ladies of quality, and all of which are of massive silver gilt, enriched with bright red coral. The simplicity and beauty of the designs for these things are not to be surpassed. The dressing-case itself partakes rather more of those elaborate jewel-chests wherein Venetian artificers of old were wont to display their cunning device, than an ordinary box or case in which the requisites of the dressing-table are usually contained. The material is of ebony, with silver-gilt mountings, the ornaments consisting of an elegant "V," surmounted by the royal crown of England. The interior fittings are of crimson velvet, forming a rich contrast with the various requisites and elegancies—the jewels of the toilet—which they encase. All of these are so designed as to be exquisitely ornamental. The brushes are of the purest ivory, the combs of the finest tortoise-shell, mounted in gold; the bottles are of opal glass; and all the other articles are of silver, gilded, and studded with coral berries, a contrast at once novel and excellent in effect. Upon all these the letter "V" and the royal crown are exquisitely chased. As a specimen of English manufacture this dressing-case is one of which the British artisan may be justly proud. Next, probably, to this in costliness, though infinitely reduced in regard to size, was the gift of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, which is one of the most fairy-like opera-glasses ever used by a lady. The design is elaborate—arabesques of gold on white enamel, with a double border and enrichment of diamonds and rubies.

A Brussels lace dress valued at \$10,000 was presented by the King of the Belgians. The gifts sent by the Emperor and Empress of the French, and presented by the wife of the Ambassador, were distinguished for their rare splendor, and for the perfect good taste which has marked the selection. The rich bridal offering comprised portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, painted on Sevres porcelain; a *corbeille de mariage*, made expressly for the occasion, at the manufactory of Sevres, filled with a choice of the rarest jewellery which Paris could furnish. A collection of China dessert ornaments from the establishment of *l'Escalier de Crystal*, 162, *Galerie de Valois, Palais Royal*. Two lace robes, one of Brussels point and the other of Alençon point; also an album containing the designs in tapestry work of two gorgeous carpets that are now being completed at the Gobelins, and which are destined for the chambers the Princess will occupy in the Palace at Berlin. On the reception of these truly imperial gifts, Queen Victoria immediately thanked their Majesties by a telegraphic despatch.

#### The Wedding Cake.

The wedding cake, which was placed in the centre of the table at the *dejeuner*, was between six and seven feet in height, and was divided from the base to the top with three compartments, all in white. The upper part was formed of a dome of open work, on which rested a crown. Eight columns, in a circular plan, supported the dome, and enclosed an altar, upon which stood two cups holding a medallion having the profile of the Princess Royal on the one side, and that of Prince Frederick William of Prussia on the other. Festoons of jasmine were suspended from the capitals of the columns, and busts of the Queen, the Prince of Prussia, and the Princess of Prussia were placed on four equidistant bases projecting from the plinth. The middle portion contained niches, in which were statues of Innocence, Wisdom, Art and Power. These statues were supported by broad buttresses, of an ornamental character, the upper parts decorated with festoons of orange blossoms on silver leaves. The side of the cake itself displayed the arms of Great Britain and Prussia, placed alternately on panels of white satin, and between each coat of arms was a medallion of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William encircled by orange blossoms and surmounted by an imperial crown. Rows of pearls bordered each division of the cake, which was made by her Majesty's confectioner, after drawings supplied by Monsieur Jules Leblanc. The cake was divided into twelve portions or slices, and each was decorated with a medallion of the royal bride and bridegroom, modelled by Monsieur Pagnier expressly for the purpose. The plateau contained four or five baskets and vases of silver gilt, the former elevated on golden tripods and filled with artificial flowers.

SCENE IN COURT.—You say you are acquainted with the defendant, Johnson, and call him an even-tempered man. Now, in fact, isn't he an ill-natured, violent man—one often angry for little or no reason? Witness—Why, yes, that's his disposition. I have known him intimately for several years, and I call him "an even-tempered man." It can't be so if he is always so angry. I never saw him yet when he wasn't storming about. Lawyer—That'll do. The gentlemen can have the witness.

LORD CHESTERFIELD heard it remarked that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter.

"True," said his lordship, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."



## THE OLD LOVE.

The roving seasons come and go  
In each, like flowers, fresh passions blow,  
They bud, they blossom, they decay,  
And from my heart's soil pass away,  
But still the old love dieth not.

Soft, passive, tender, warm and gay,  
But transient as an April day,  
Each in its short but potent reign,  
Sweeps like a flood through heart and brain,  
But that old love it quencheth not.

Listen, ye breezes, ye who dance,  
O'er the blue wave to sunny France,  
I have a message ye must bear  
To a sweet maid who dwelleth there;  
Tell her, the old love dieth not.

## MRS. SQUIZZLE IN WASHINGTON--NO. 3.

Subscribes for Colds and Coughs--Prepares a Dose for Bew Cannon--Has a Communication from Sally Mari.

There's queer duins here, and I dont understand all the crooks and turns of the plaise yet, tho I've gained a great deal of information during the short time I've bin here.

Bew Cannon has had a powerful bad cold--kouldnt hardly speak a loud word. Now it was never in my nature to see a body sufferin with an ailin without doin somethin to relieve em.

See I, Mr. Bew Cannon, I feel it my duty to subscribe for your cold. I may say (bein there nobody here to say it for me), I've bin more successful in my treatment of colds, coughs and phlegms, than any of the medicated men of Konkapot.

Indeed, sez he.  
Now there was Elder Johnsing, sez I, took down with a violent attack of inermation in the lungs, had every doctor in the county to attend him, and they pored medicine enuf down him to kill a well man. I never did hev no kind of an opinion of potecary medicine, and I very soon see how things was a gine over there, fur I kept my eye out, and when they had gin him up and cleared out I went over and went to work.

Indeed, sez Bew Cannon, and seen he was purty much interested I went on. In the first place, I gin him a cup of warm water with jest enuf cast-ile soap in it to make a light suds to cleanse his stomach of their fowl medicine; directly after I gin him a compound of mother-wart and bone-set mixed with mayfraz and sassafrilly, together with a sprinklin of penny rial, yaller-dock and burr-dock steeped in fourth proof brandy, and sweetened strong with second quality melassias.

Indeed, sez Bew Cannon.  
It's the best thing that ever was took for breakin up colds and fevers. Well, I gin him that once an our, puttin polities up poppy leaves and split cabbage beds on his stomach, and occasionally releavin em by blisters when they became painful. You ortu hev seen what a powerful sweat he went into in less than an our, and before daylite his fever was all broke up peases.

Surprised, sez Bew Cannon.  
Yes, sez I, it surprised every body to see what I'd dun for that man. No doubt he is very grateful to you for savin his life, said a feller who was listenin.

But he's dead, sez I.

Why, I tho't you cured him, sez the feller.  
So I did, uv the fever, sez I, but the next day a new disorder called mortification set in with sich powerful violence that it karrid him oph. If it hadnt hev bin fer that the poor feller might hev bin alive now, and, as you say, no doubt he would hev bin very grateful to me. He was a good honest soul as ever was born, and I hope he is at rest in heavn. One thing is certain, he never took much comfort on airth; that cross, krabbid wife of his alers went about the house with a thunder kloud on her brow, and a faze that would turn sweet milk sour; and then that ill contrived darter of his, Jennima, never gin him any peace uv his life. The parsequitions he indured was enuf to kill a stronger constituted man than he was.

Mr. Bew Cannon, and in fact all the people that had bin listenin, said no doubt my subscription was a good one, and he promised if his hold didnt mend soon to git the ingredients I had named, and take em.  
I made up my mind when I got hum that nite I would fix a dose for him myself, for, as I sed to Jabez, what does a man know about mixin sarrips and sich like. Things wouldnt go on at sich loose ends about that house if Bew Cannon only hed a wife. I kint help but sit every time I look at the poor lone man; he has sich a disconsolate kounenance that it touches my hart. What would Jabez be without me? I axed him the question tother day, and with a burst of tears he replied, a hart-broken widower. He was so effected that I hev not touched upon the subject since.

There's sterrin tines down deer, and the message has made a perfect wasp's nest uv the members uv Kongress and other pollyticians. For my part I shall wait till I see whether I kint git my own views harried out afore I sound the trumpet for or agin him.

He's a queer old feller, this Mr. Bew Cannon, and some say he is dre dful ly set in his wa, but for my part I havent seen nuthin uv it yet. A cold, speechly sich a powerful one as he's had, would be most likely to give any one a stiff neck. I spoke to him tother nite about Sally Mari, and he sed Washington was jest the place far her. I'm expectin her every minit now, she's dyin to see him. I writ to her jest how he looked, when he sed Washington was jest the place for her. No doubt she'll take his meanin.

Muggins' wife is ortilly jealous uv me, and has bin about town impreachin my karricier. I guess, as Jabez sez, shell hev hard work to make anything out uv it. She told me that instead uv readin Sally Mari's effusions, Bew Cannon had taken the manuscript for waste paper to lie his pipe. Shed bin in his study and seen it there herself, all turn up and rolled into lighters. I didnt believe a word uv it, and I told her so. I shall ax Bew Cannon the next time I set eyes on him, and tell him what I've heard. But that arnt the worst things shes sed; shes been and gone and told how Muggins and I sed Jabez with lieter and got him upsidin, and then how I went and made believe I was afraid to stay alone with him, and kept Muggins there all nite. Now Ill jist let her no I dont care enuf about that to repeat it, fur everybody that knows Jabez Squizzle knows he dont want nobody to feed lickin to him. Like other pollyticians, he arnt backward about helping his self when its in his reach; besides, it was Muggins' own offer to stay with me, I sed and dispirited, and would rather hev stayed above and communicated with my own tho'ts, but when I tho't uv that cross, mean, skoldin wife uv his I kouldnt send him home to be tortured by her tongue all nite, indeed I kouldnt, and I leave it to the Kristian public to saffit didnt do right.

He no use her puttin on a long faze and goin about town gossipin, and I told her so, yesterday, when I met her on the sidewalk; she wouldnt step oph the pavement and let me pass, but stood in front of me as impotent as she could, a swellin out her bloated skirt. I told her I'd call the police, but it didnt make no difference, she kept expending more and more until some lady kum up in the rear, and then she had to stand one side. I jist told her shed git arrested, and hev to pa a fine for obstructin the sidewalk; and if it hadnt been that Muggins would hev had to pa the fine, Id hev marched strate down to the police office and complained uv her.

Went to Kongress one day last week, and sich works as they hev there is quite disgustin. Things is gettin from worse to worsted.

Id like to be moderator uv that floor (ur a while, and if I didnt manidge to have fair play then there wouldnt be no virtue left in kow hides.

There was so much hopin up and settin down and disputin that it kept me in a constant state of fermentation. One thing I heard which didnt please me much, and that was Bew Cannon wantin to send Jeneral Skott to California after all the fuss and expense I've bin to git Jabez an outfit to accompany him; its really to bad, and if things is goin on in this way I shall take Jabez again Bew Cannon mysell--sich incouragement as he give me, and then to sat if all out is a little more than my Kr-stian fortitude kan bear in silence.

May be its jist as well that he and Sally Mari havent ben brought together, fur a mans harrier and repitition must be unavished to inspire to the hand uv my darter, and it mite be a difficult matter to break off the attachment when woces commene d.

When I found I kouldnt get no appointment for Jabez around hum, I spoke to Bew Cannon about sendin him oph to California and Utah along with the jeneral, and (requestin Jabez to step oph out uv site) I told Bew Cannon uv his qualifications fur any office, and he sed he should go, fur the jeneral would need jist such a man to help him raise volunteers.

Well I jist went out and bought a hull pease uv red flannel to make Jabez a set uv shirts in the military stile, and bras buttons to trim em; had to pa seven shillings a yard--an abominable price these pinchin times--but the blarks wouldnt let me hev it a cent less, and that it had in account uv the lady's latin so much uv it for petticoats.

Well I kouldnt do no better, for I went to every store in the city; so I took it, and went hum and went to work and made Jabez twelve military shirts, all trimmed oph with buttons; and jist like the jeneral's, except Jabez wears bras made uv red ribbon on his shoulders in the place uv upperslee like the army officers.

The climate is warm there in Utah and California, and I took a master site uv jins makin the shirts, fur I sed Jabez wouldnt wear no coat to hide em. I sed dreadfully about goin away oph there, it arnt every man that kan be trusted among sich a multitude uv women. But as the divin preacher says, what mact be sours be. I put my trust on hi.

I have grate faith in the example I've set him; have fittin him a lecture on propriety and decorum, which covers twenty-five sheets uv foolscap, and posed him a pocket uv his shirt, and givin him particular instructions to read it

morin and nite, say the Lord's Prayer, and read a chapter in the Bible. Then if he dont behave himself its not my fault.

And now, after all the time and trouble and expense I've bin to, tu hear the dish is upset and Jabez arnt agoin, is the aggratinatest thing thats kum across me since I've bin in Washington.

I dont often allow my disposition to rise, but this time it got the better uv me, and I was rite down mad, when I put on my things; and started out to see if I kouldnt git a night at Bew Cannon--but he was no where to be found. Maybe hed heard I was agoin to give him a blowin up, for he kept out uv site until the next day, and by that time Id got over the worst uv my passion; and when we met I talked calm and coolly on the subject.

He told me, when I stated the case to him, that Jabez should be sent somewhere, and he would do his best to give him an appointment where the red flannel shirts would come in play; at all events, he sed I shouldnt lose no em--he want in the habit of doin sich things--but in this case he would pay for em out uv his private puse.

Well, the most obstinat uv human individuals kouldnt but be satisfide with this arrangement. Ashured uv his future friendship, we parted, but not until I whispored in his ere, James Bew Cannon for 1880.

He was no doubt as pleased as mysell with the interview, for there was a smile on his countenance as he disappared round the corner, and arter the last glimpse uv his shaghi had vanished I fell into a reverie.

What if Id hev found him when I was in sich a passion? There'd hev bin another split in the party, and then ad to all our well-lade schemes. An all wise Providence kept him out uv my site, and I'm thankful for it. This sympathetic piece of poetry has bin runnin in my mind ever since the explanation, and it seems very applicable to my case:

There is a divinity that hews our ends,  
Rough shape em as we will.

I wonder if Bew Cannon has tho't uv it.

That nite Jabez went to the korus. He's attended every one, disrespective of party. You see it wont do to take sides to strong un il you see which wa the wheels a turnin; then you can come boldly out on the upper side, and say all sorts of as and belia things to the party thats down; jist make yourself notorious, and youll kum oph with flyin kolars.

Jabez is too retirin in his ways, and I've told him so; wants somebody with a sharp stick at his heels to keep him movin.

I sot up nearly all nite long, and rit a speech for him to deliver at the korus, but the ungrateful feller wouldnt take it--said it was ten chances to one if he kould git the floor, and if he did he should speke extempore. Goodness gracious only knows what he meant by it--some nonsense word that hes heard in Konkapot, I reckon. I told him so. At that he fired up, and sez he, jist put on my coat and pants, and go to the korus and speechly till you're tired uv it. Id like to see how you'd make out.

Id shuv you how Ill make out, one of these times, sez I, for the idee struck me as a good one. I wouldnt sit room all the evenin, as you do, jist as tho you hadnt a political idee in your head.

Jest then the door bell rung, and a minit arter, black Sam (a feller we hired up in Konkapot, to kum and be waiter, for half price) kum in with a letter on a tray.

Whats all that palaver about? sez Jabez. Throw away that tray, and take the letter in your fingers.

Squizzle, sez I--fairly bilin over with exasperation--dont kum into this house a scatin up your authority; I dont take a letter out uv no niggers fingers--du you here that?

Squizzle he ketched up his hat and kleared out, mutterin somethin about the impertinence of niggers and the obstinatity of wimmen. He was dreadful mad because Sam didnt throw the tray down as he commanded; but Sam new better. It dont take them Konkapot blarks long to ascertain the hed uv a house; and as soon as Jabez had slammed the door tu, Sam made an extry flourish as he hanced me the letter, showed his ivories and disappeared.

It was from Sally Mari, and gave a very interestin account uv the kalliker party in New York. She may be here any minit, for she sez in the postscript that she comes by male, and starts at the same time as the letter.

She feels the necessity uv her bein here quite as much as mysell, as will be seen by the commencement of her letter.

Well, the eventful nite is over,  
And dont blame me, dearest mother,  
For I ask a thousand pardons--  
Pardons for not coming sooner;  
Coming sooner, when you told me--  
Told me that Bew Cannon was a--  
Was a batchelder--a lone man--  
Lone man, without anybody,  
Anybody for to mend him--  
Mend his breeches and his stockings,  
Knit his stockings, sew the buttons,  
Tuck up his shirt and so forth,  
Comb his hair and brush his whiskers,  
Pull his whiskers when he didnt--  
Didnt do as he had ortu.

He had ortu (you speak truly)  
Have a young wife fur to keep him--  
Keep him in the path uv duty,  
Keep him pleasant, keep him cheerful,  
Tell him stories that would make him  
Nearly split his sides with laughter--  
One to keep his speele moving--  
One to spend his rusty copper--  
One to brush his threebear kote up--  
One to keep him lookin decent--  
One, in short, to be his helpmeet--  
Help him eat his beef and mutton--  
One to give him consolation--  
Consolation when he gets in--  
Gets into a tangle--  
With his crowsy, and he feels like--  
Feels like cur'ing all the nation.

Yes, my mother, I am c'min--  
I am comin, though dear Harry  
Vows his hart will brake at partin  
Brake at partin with his Sall--  
He has been so kind and thoughtful,  
Bought a dress, made three and sixpence--  
Three and sixpence for a calico--  
A rich calico to wear tu  
The grate party--bought two tickets,  
For two tickets paid two dollars,  
And went with me to the party.

Tease a s'le well worth the seein,  
Calico is rich, profusion  
Hang about the opacious ball room,  
Windows draped with printed curtains,  
Carryatides all dressed in muslin;  
Th'n came ladies, all appared  
In plane calico; it really  
Looked like our good home-made gatherings;  
Like an apple-bee or quilting.

Then jist when we were all crowded  
To its utmost, upr Duganne  
And extemporised a poem,  
Which-- But Id not criticise it,  
Bein myself a poetaster,  
I've a fellow-feelin for him.

Then the music and the dancin,  
Why I sensed a perfect babel;  
Patin feet kept time to the music,  
And Id jist began to Scottish  
When the calico dresses vanished.  
Yes, the women, like the silk worn,  
Shed their rougher outer garments  
And came out in silks and satins.

O it was too bad, for I wore  
But a petticoat of flannel--  
Scarlet flannel--a Baltimore--  
And, consistently, I could not,  
Like my sistern, sed my outer  
Garment; so I took my bonit--  
Took my bonit and departed,  
To the grate chargin of Harry--  
Gent us Harry I noble fellow!

Now, dear mother, pray be secret,  
Mention not your daughters coming--  
Let it not get in the papers,  
For I would surprise Bew Cannon.

Yours, forever,  
THALIA ANNIE.

Havnt shut my eyes the hull durin nite, except to wink, said that at long intervals; kept em stretched to the utmost a lookin for Jabez. I wonder what he means? Out every minit the hull blessed nite and hant got hum yet. Ill warrant when he does make his appearance hell cum sneakin in and as he was kept up all nite at the korus or sum other perilikal meetin. It beets everythin I ever herd tell on in all the born days uv my life, how hard three or four hundred good-fur nothin fellers sell their labor fur their country.

There's he kum--I no his step. I wonder the man dars show his heid here! Ill let him no Im fixed fur him. (Mutter Squizzle)

Red eyes, red nose, red face! a purty lookin feller you are, Squizzle, tu kum into the p'es nite uv respectabl phemal--pantaloons split open on the knee, them new bras buttons all busted oph your sundy kote, and, as true as I live and breathe, use breth uv life, one uv the skirts down gone. If you think Im a goin to put up with sich goins on as this, Jabez a Squizzle, you are ortilly mistaken. A hull new suit uv clothes clean gone; yes, indiredly ruined, tu as nuthin about your karricier. Wheres your lat?

I--I--I kint it the house.  
Dont stand there stannin in that kind uv stile--what upon airth is the matter with you, and wheres have you been all nite?

You s--they sot into a diss--pute, and I stayed to see it out; but when they came to blows I thert it was time to be movin, and I didnt kum down stairs in such a state uv mind. I disremember whether I put my hat on or not; I started in somethin uv a hurry.

A courageous fellow you are, Squizzle. Ill bet youd run if I was to pint a pop-gun at you. A master site uv help youll be to Jeneral Skott out in California.

This's none uv my gittin up. Never should hev tho't uv the thing if you and Bew Cannon hadnt hev put it into my hed. Dont intend to go where there's fittin neither; hev seen enuf of it at hum to satisfy me.

Dont intend to go, ha? After all the trouble I hev bin to tu git you an appointment and an outfit! A fine time to tell uv it now.

I spose youd rather be skylarkin around as you was last nite, a wearin out and tearin out your clothes? But youll find youve got a couple uv hard ones after you this time. Bew Cannon is determined to send you oph somewhere, and youll have to go; for when his hed is set its set, and theres no sich a thing as turnin him. The morrin paper, ha! hand it here--(reads)--"Extraordinary scenes! great excitement! House in session all night! Members asleep! Smoking cigars, eating, drinking, &c. A riot in the chamber! Fisticuffing all round!"

Well, I'm glad uv it, better fight than to set there doin nothin--shows furrin powers that they have got some spirit left if no wit. No doubt half uv them fellers there have fl-touffed all their lives, and are a plagued site better qualified fur that than makin laws and speechly. Every one tu his trade is my motio, and Id have told em so if Id hev bin there. (Reads)--"Heat above blisterin their heads! Want handkerchiefs over em!" Ha! ha! I reckon it would be a good idee to put all their heads into a hot oven--a good bakin would do some uv the green ones good, and Id hev told em so. I spose you sot there a lookin as green as any uv em, and said nuthin, didnt you?

It warn't my place to speak.

Warn't your place to speak, ha! If you're always goin to wait till its your place to speak, I reckon youll be mumb some time. Did you ever know me to wait fur a chance to speak? Better fur me if I would, ha! Thats what you say, is it, Jabez Squizzle? You neednt git up and sneek off, thinkin tu git out uv hearin, for its no use; I shall free my mind, fur its my duty, and its no use your stoppin up your ears in that kind uv a wa. My voice like the roarin uv a catarrack will sound in your ears until you heed it. Goin to harin up your hat, are you? Better look fur the skirt tu your coat tu while you're there--want your wife tight tu your heels to take care uv you. (Exit Squizzle.)

In a fine fix tu take me in the party tu nite. I wonder if Bew Cannon will ever git him oph out uv the way! I must speak to him about it again to-morrow. I spose he gits tired uv so much impertunty, but then he has no business to be President if he dislikes sich things; let him resign if hes got sick uv his bargain.

A hull wheelbarrow full uv bandboxes and satchels stopt at our dore! Lavy m', if it arnt Sally Mari! Brought all her riggin along, I reckon, by the oaks uv things. Well, Im glad shes come; Ill take her to the grand blowout to-nite.

If Jabez dont find that fragment uv his kote, I spose hell hev to git a new one, tho its tu bad the way he does string things tu pieces--I wouldnt wonder if hed went and gone and bin and tore it on purpose to git a new one.

That man wants a master site uv watchin to keep him within bounds.

## LOVE GIFTS.

I've brought thee spring roses,  
Sweet roses to wear,  
Two buds for thy bosom  
And one for thy hair;  
I've brought thee new ribbons  
Thy beauty to deck,  
Light blue for thy waist, love,  
And white for thy neck.

Oh, bright is the beauty  
That wooes thee to-night;  
But brighter affection,  
And lasting as bright;  
I've brought thee what's better  
Than ribbon or rose--  
A heart that will shield thee,  
Whatever wind blows.

'Tis gladness to view thee,  
Thus beaming and gay;  
And walking in sweetness  
As if thou wert May!  
The spring of thy being  
Is lovely to see;  
And oh! what's divinier,  
Affanced to me!

## OUR DRESSING-GOWN AND SLIPPERS.

A GREAT philosopher has said, that men's insides differ as much as their outsides. We don't mean by insides, digestion or respiratory organs, but mental and moral features. In point of fact, that the psychological shape of every human being is as distinct from that of his neighbor's, as his physical. In plain English, which we might have said at first, "Every person has a peculiarity." The vainest speech on record came from the lips of Smith, who said, "I have not an atom of vanity!" It is akin to Diogenes treading on Plato's new carpet, and saying, "Thus do I trample on the pride of Plato!" The rebuke, "with greater pride!" wasn't half severe enough. The true sarcastic punishment would have been Plato's suing him for "damage and trespass." When the Pharisee thanked Heaven he was not as other men are, it is only what every one thinks. We catch even ourself at it occasionally. We have seldom met with a greater insensibility to real beauty and merit, than was offered to us only last Saturday. Calling upon some ladies, near the midnight hour, we found the door opened to our touch, and thinking to agreeably electrify the fair inmates of the parlor, we entered, like Hamlet's ghost, or a storming party--unannounced. After gravely expostulating with them upon the inadvertence of leaving their street door in so unsafe a condition, we facetiously added, "Only suppose I had been a burglar come after the spoons, and suppose I had carried you off?" This I addressed to the youngest and fairest of the group. Perfectly insensible to the delicate compliment, she said, "I am all ready for such a burglary, but the burglar must be a mightier sight younger and handsomer than you are!" We endeavored to pick ourselves up from this thunderbolt, by saying, with a feeble but malignant smile, "Permit me to advertise, then, for a young, daring and desperate burglar, who, utterly regardless of his future happiness, wishes to carry off a lady. Apply between the hours of midnight and dawn, to 3729 Four hundred and twenty-ninth avenue. No married burglars need apply, as the beautiful advertiser has an objection to matrimony." Let us relieve our outraged feelings by saying, that if anything dreadful happens to that fair satirist, such as marriage, &c., we are not at the bottom of it.

This has slightly interrupted our narrative, but when we are in "our dressing-gown and slippers," it takes some few yawns to stretch ourself out to a philosophical length. Unlike our friend Doesticks, who shuts his slender and marrowless anatomy up into a telescope, that he may the better see the follies of mankind, we have to pull ourself out to survey them. This is just the difference between the observer and the philosopher. We, however, quite agree with our brilliant contributor, that a man must take all the narrow or feeling from his frame before he begins to record human thoughts or human sufferings. When Macbeth addressed Banquo with,

"Thy bones are marrowless,"

although he rendered him worthless as a contributor to puddings, made him invaluable to philosophy.

But this smoking a cigar before breakfast creates a quantity of smoke; let us blow it away, as our excellent friend Blake does, lest it suffocate us and our companions.

We were talking of arrogance, pride, folly, self-sufficiency, extravagance, vanity, vice--but, as the Cockney says, we won't go on with the w's; in short, we were talking of human nature. Let us now go out of ourselves into the open air; let us see how the streets behave; let us remark how man, who made the city, has inoculated it with his nature. Observe Broadway--how it turns up its nose at its neighbor, the Bowery--nay, even at its own shilling side, the worse half; one would think the Atlantic rolled between, and not a narrow but deep gutter of mud. But the Bowery and the one shilling side have their revenge. Observe how Union Square elevates its nostrils at Broadway; and while we are chronicling the revenges of class, observe the nasal altitude of the Fifth avenue eye: all! When a full-grown exquisite calls the Astors "supremely ridiculous," he is considered equally so by the rest of mankind.



who, in their turn, are considered supremely absurd by ourself. Let us hope the philosophical microscope has not a lens capable of making us appear ridiculous. We feel, however, pretty safe. The mammoth and the monarch are superstitions, and not facts.

We were lighting our eighth cigar, when Jones creaked up our stairs. He had got the last number of Frank Leslie's in one hand, and a glove in the other. Now, the peculiarity of Jones is, that he has no peculiarity. He is simply an improvement in human nature. He is an afterthought—a human postscript without its pith. He writes a note in a minute, but he spends half an hour in dotting the i's and crossing the t's. On the present occasion he asked how it was that we had omitted two of the best things the Duke of Wellington had ever said or done?

"What are they?" we inquired.

Jones thereupon commenced, and gave us the following:

Wellington was sitting in his tent, in Spain, writing some dispatches, when his orderly announced the commissariat of Lord Hill's division. "Let him come in," quoth the Iron Duke. "My lord," said the commissariat (who, by the way, was a great rascal, having made a fortune by cheating and starving the troops), "Lord Hill says that if I have not the rations for his men ready by eight o'clock to-morrow morning he will hang me! I wish to remonstrate against such tyrannical conduct!" The duke looked up at the indignant official and calmly asked, "Are you quite sure Lord Hill said so?"

account. This saved the bridge, as the regiment remained there till the Prussians departed. Doesn't this show practical good sense in that illustrious man? It reminds me of old Zachary Taylor.

"Yes," we observed, "Jones, both those men had large noses, and we never knew a man with a large nose who was deficient in that quality. 'What—nose?' 'No,' we returned, 'but good sense. 'Tis a pity, Jones,' we added, with a sigh, 'that large noses are not more common!' 'That's a fact,' said he, feeling his own.

Our old acquaintance Shanghi once wrote a book upon noses, and illustrated it himself, for he is equally good as an artist and author. He asserted that warriors were more or less successful as their noses hooked. Julius Caesar, Wellington, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, all glory in the aquiline—that is, they fight on their own hook. Alexander the Great, Pompey, Napoleon, and General Morris, have straight noses, or Grecian. A turn-up nose, or the *retroussi*, is invariably a symbol of pertness. We know a lady whose nose is a regular meathook, and who cannot give a civil answer to save her soul, or even her crinoline. Snub noses, although pert and saucy, generally denote good temper and benevolence. Sharp thin noses are indications of meanness, or narrow-mindedness. We are not aware, however, if a man's character is altered by having his nose broken in early youth. Our friend Dombey had his fine Roman nose smashed flat on his face like a straw-

olfactory nerves with perfume, and not made a musical instrument for the nose.

Beau Brummell black-balled a nobleman in a club ballot because he had once sent his plate up twice for soup, and broke off a matrimonial engagement because he had been informed the beautiful wretch ate cabbage! And, we are bound to confess, he was right. It is an open question with some whether a man who pays his tailor can be called an accountable being. Shanghi says that he has no objection to a friend of his doing it once on the sly, but he denounces the open commission of such a flagrant folly, on account of the bad example it sets. As he truly observed, "There's no knowing where such depravity may end!" Pope thought so too, as he says in his description of a Fifth Avenue lady of his day—

"She paid a tradesman once to make him stare."

Sheridan once called particular attention to a new coat he had on. The Prince of Wales, Fox and his merry associates declared they could see nothing so extraordinary about it. Sheridan persisted in his declaration, adding that he was amazed at their blindness, and wagered them a heavy bet that they would acknowledge it themselves. With that reckless love of gambling which distinguished these ornaments of their age, they accepted it. Sheridan then turned himself round several times with great gravity, but they still protested their inability to detect any peculiarity in it. "I have never had a coat like this before," said Sheridan. They finally gave



THE QUEEN DESCENDING THE GRAND STAIRCASE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

"Quite," replied the complainant, satisfied now of the duke's protection and sympathy. "Then," returned Wellington, "by God, if he said so, he'll do it!" As the duke went on with his writing, the unlucky commissariat knew his mission had failed; he therefore withdrew. Next morning the army had ample supplies, and the commissariat was not hanged.

We thanked Jones for his anecdote, which so delighted him that he gave us the other, which he had from the lips of the duke's secretary, Mr. Heaphy, whose picture of Wellington giving his orders at Waterloo is so well known.

During the occupation of Paris, Blucher, who commanded the Prussians, resolved to blow up the Pont de Jena, so named after Napoleon's victory over that nation. This being communicated to the Iron Duke, he immediately stationed an English regiment upon it. Next morning the Prussian general was enraged to find he could not carry out his threat. He immediately sent an aide-de-camp to the English colonel requesting him to withdraw his men, as he was going to blow up the bridge. The colonel replied that he had been placed there by the duke's order and dare not move. Thereupon Blucher sent to Wellington to request he would give orders for their withdrawal. The duke sent his compliments to Marshal Blucher, begging him not to let the mere fact of an English regiment being on the Pont de Neuf prevent his blowing it up, but adding, if any of his men were injured he should hold Marshal Blucher to a strict

berry, in a fist-cuff adventure when quite a lad, and we have always attributed his dignified behavior to a frigid desire to make up for his disfigured and undignified proboscis. Byron had a strong dislike to see women eat, since it brought them down to the vulgarity of a digestion. We have heard some lackadaisical lovers talk as though the fair sex were to live on roast vovs, hashed sighs, and fricasseed whispers, with perhaps a few ogle, raw on the half cheek. Certainly, to see a lady shovel through those rosy portals, her lips, a mass of pudding and meat, is by no means romantic—yet we have always had a decent horror of ladies who pick up their rics with a bodkin, ever since we read that story in the Arabian Nights, where a fashionable lady of that way of eating was followed by her husband at the dismal midnight hour, to a churchyard restaurant, where he found her lover was a ghoul, and her favorite dish—ugh! it makes us shudder even now—was a charnel stew! Poor fellow—what must his feelings have been when he saw his better half *litt-e-a-t-t-e* with a vampire, with blue wings and green goggle eyes, drinking the devil's elixir out of a human skull, and picking a bone!

We have said Byron did not like to see a woman eat—we confess we do not like to see one blow her nose! We can appreciate a full-blown rose, but not a full-blown nose. Let us drop the subject, and advise our fair friends never to perform that operation in public. Handkerchiefs were made to wipe the pearly tear, or regale the

it up, and told him to reveal its marked peculiarity: "This coat, gentleman, has a peculiarity about it, which you would never discover, were you to try all night. It is paid for!" They, of course, caved in.

Jones maintains that the true solution of the old mythological fable of Hercules being tortured to death by the Shirt of Nessus, is that he never paid the poor needlewoman for making it; and perhaps it would make as good a "Song of the Shirt" as Hood's. And Lamb said the legend of Ariadne marrying Bacchus, when deserted by Theseus, was an elegant way of insinuating that the poor woman took to gin drinking when her husband left her. The classics in this light really might be made quite human.

Jones has just called our attention to a remarkable object. It is truly a "*gusus nature*." It is a goose with only one leg. There she stands in the puddle moralising. It reminds us of Socrates in contemplation. Philosophers have their geese—why not geese their philosophers? Jones is evidently revolving in that vague imitation of his pocket—his mind, the chances of buying it for Barnum's Museum, and selling it to the enterprising proprietor of that natural collection at a fabulous profit. Alas his vision has flown! The goose has put her other leg down! She had two after all—although one was marvellously well hidden by her feathers. Jones has hastily bid us adieu, declaring he will never trust to appearances again. Geese, like females, will deceive!



# THE GREAT ART ASSOCIATION.

We here present our three hundred thousand readers with a view of the celebrated Dusseldorf Gallery, of New York city, renowned throughout the country as the most costly and artistically valuable of all art collections in this country. The view is a good one, though it does injustice to the "Greek Slave" of Hiram Powers, which forms one of the prominent features of the exhibition.

All these great works have become the property of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and are now in the entire possession of the directory of this unique and very admirable institution. This association proposes the good work of disseminating Art and literary taste in America, through the distribution of paintings, sculptures, bronzes, &c., and the best literature of the day, among its members. Three dollars is the small sum required to become a member, and for this the subscriber has,

1st. The beautiful annual engraving on steel, called "Manifest Destiny, or Fortune's Favors," richly worth three dollars.  
2d. The *Cosmopolitan Art Journal* one year—one of the most valuable and charming magazines in America, richly illustrated with steel and wood, and filled with biography, criticisms, essays, tales, gossip, etchings, &c., from the ablest pens.  
3d. To free admission to the Dusseldorf Gallery until May 1st, 1858.

4th. To one share in the award of premiums, the list of premiums embracing the "Greek Slave," many of the priceless Dusseldorf paintings, and over three hundred choice American and Flemish paintings, statuary, bronzes, &c., &c.

Or, those preferring any one of the following monthly magazines in place of the engraving and *Art Journal*, will be supplied for one year with either *Harper's*, *Godey's*, *Atlantic*, *Knickerbocker*, *Graham's*, *Blackwood*, *Emerson's*, any of the *British Reviews*, *Littell's Living Age* six months (or one year for six dollars, together with two certificates in the award of premiums).

It is to be doubted if so much was ever before given for the money. The association is only able to grant such benefits through its great patronage, and the aggregation of many small sums. Its success is unprecedented, and shows not only the appreciation of art by the American people, but it demonstrates the vitality which is thrown into the business conduct of the institution. In its first year the number of subscribers was twenty-two thousand four hundred and eighteen, among whom were distributed nearly two hundred choice works of art. The second year the list of members reached the sum of twenty-four thousand and eighty-eight. Among these were dispensed nearly three hundred choice works in marble, oil colors and bronze. The third year was even more successful, the number of subscribers reaching the total of thirty-three thousand and twenty-seven, among whom nearly three hundred very choice works of art were distributed.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

Such results are not only gratifying to the lovers of art and literature, but they show the expansive power for good there is in this institution.

The year just passed has been one of appalling disaster to the commercial world, and of course seriously affected the patronage of the arts and literature generally. In view of this only momentary stringency and depression, the directory wisely determined to keep the books open until March 25th, by which time the country would have recovered from the "panic," and money would again be "easy." The fourth annual award of premiums was therefore postponed to Thursday, March 25th, to which day subscriptions now will be received. Upon the evening of that day the annual awards will be made, without reserve, at the western galleries of the association, where the distribution has always taken place.

Reports which have gained currency in some quarters regarding the affairs of the association, it is needless to say are as absurd as they are unjust. The institution is in a sound and prosperous condition, and long will continue to dispense its benefits to an appreciative community.

Those who would know more of the matters appertaining to the association and its benefits, should write to C. L. Derby, Actuary, 548 Broadway, New York. By remitting fifteen cents in stamps, a copy of the beautiful *Art Journal*—fully worth fifty cents—will be enclosed to any address. In the *Art Journal* the whole thing is explained at length. We give these brief paragraphs simply to indicate our recognition of this great feature of the day.

## CHARLOTTE DE LEYMON;

OR,

## THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER I.

"What would you have, my friend? There is no fruit which has not its worm, no flower which has not its caterpillar, no pleasure which has not its pain; our happiness is only an unhappiness more or less endurable."—LETTERS OF DUCES.

IN No. 3 Rue d'Antin, in a large, poorly-furnished room, sat a number of persons, evidently strangers to one another. Conspicuous among them was a young girl of sixteen years. She had an almost infantine face—fair, rosy, delicate and pleasing, with beautiful light hair; joy alone sparkled in the large blue eyes, which displayed nothing of that natural and involuntary anxiety which is usually seen upon the face of a young girl about to be married.

Charlotte d'Hauterive possessed still all the unsuspecting confidence of childhood; she feared neither evil nor grief—she had never learned that there were such things in the world. She approached the magistrate who was about to unite her, for life, to the Baron de Leymon, without the slightest agitation. This engagement, contracted at sixteen, for all her future life, excited in her not a single fear; the possibility of a regret did not present itself to her mind; love, opulence, pleasure, a husband chosen by herself, a mother whom she loved, diamonds, horses, a magnificent hotel, that abundance of useless things so necessary to a young wife—all passed and repassed through the pretty head of the jeyous girl, who had hardly exhausted the pleasures of childhood, when those of youth came with profusion to bring her their enjoyment. Charlotte was full of happiness; she smiled upon her pale and trembling mother at her side; she smiled upon her Leopold de Leymon, whose handsome, noble and distinguished face brightened under the eyes of his young bride, but resumed, as soon as she removed her glances from him, the melancholy expression which was habitual to him, and which was increased perhaps by a paleness, rendered more striking from his hair and eyes, which were remarkably black.

In the same room another young girl was about to be united to an old man, whom her family had chosen for her; she was weeping. Charlotte regarded her with a sentiment of compassion; then, looking again at her mother and Leopold, she felt so re-assured by their protection, that if she had had to live a life of several centuries, she would have undertaken the journey without anxiety or fear. Her strength was in their love; she smiled with happiness when the magistrate pronounced these words, "The husband and wife must be mutually faithful to each other, relieve, assist, &c." And she signed without hesitation that name which she had just changed for the one of Baroness de Leymon.

At this moment one of those who had been invited, arriving too late, approached one of the witnesses, and said, with an expression of surprise,

"What! is she the bride?"

"Certainly—and she is a worthy one; it is an excellent match."

"Ah! —"

And all was finished; for nothing is more prompt and less solemn than that ceremony which, in the name of the law, binds us to obligations for every period of life, to duties for

every day and hour that we live.

This young girl, who knows only the caresses of her mother, and the plays which brightened her earlier years; whose mind has not been able to receive any lessons of experience; whose heart is ignorant of all the passions which age awakens, has promised not only her present life, but her ideas, sensations, tastes, thoughts to which circumstances give rise, and which time must develop. She has given away body and soul, for the present and the future, to a man whom she hardly knows, and to whom she belongs for ever—who has a right over her thoughts as well as her actions! He will be able to search her soul, to seek there faults or errors which she would conceal from herself; he will be able to dispose of herself and her fortune as he wishes, separate her from her family, tear her from her friends, take away from her the amusements of her age or the affections of her heart! All will be right! She has signed!

Not a thought of anxiety or fear crosses the mind of the imprudent Charlotte! while Leopold is still pale, and the mother of the thoughtless child trembles so much that all eyes are upon her.

As they approach the carriage in order to go to the church, Charlotte finds means to approach her mother, and to say to her, "Do not tremble thus for me, mamma—I am sure to be happy!"

Madame d'Hauterive looked at her daughter, brilliant with youth and happiness; she smiled upon her with the inexpressible tenderness of maternal love; the joy of her child is reflected for a moment in her own large blue eyes, so melancholy and so sweet; but amidst this happiness a tear escapes; her long brown eyelashes fall in order to conceal this indiscreet sign of repressed suffering; Madame d'Hauterive turns her head, and her daughter believing that she has re-assured her, turns gaily to Leopold.

They set out for the church. Charlotte and her mother were seated side by side in the back of the carriage, while the front seat was occupied by Leopold and Arthur de Bréal, an old officer of the guard, his only relative, and his witness. Arthur, who had arrived the evening before, looked with the attention and spirit of observation which characterized him at the two ladies, whom he now saw for the first time in his life.

Fifteen days previous he had received a letter from Leopold containing these words:

"For six months I have not heard from you; but as you are often remiss in writing, I am not anxious; but I have heard that you are coming to Paris, and I hope you will arrive in time to serve me as witness to my marriage, which will take place before the end of the month. I am going to marry Mademoiselle Charlotte d'Hauterive. Adieu!"

Thy cousin and friend,  
LEOPOLD."

This laconic note, which contained no information concerning the fortune, the family, and the personal qualities of the lady whom he was going to marry, surprised Arthur very much. Was there nothing good to be told? What reasons had decided this marriage? What could have hindered his friend from explaining himself on this subject? A thousand conjectures filled his mind. He, the intimate friend of Leopold; he, who had known all the life, all the heart of his cousin; he to be entirely ignorant of this important affair, which Leopold, with his affectionate and delicate heart, could not have resolved to do from frivolous motives or from speculations of interest. Curious and anxious, Arthur hurried to the house of his friend the very day of his arrival in Paris; it was the eve of his marriage. Agreeable to his habits of intimacy, Arthur preceded rather than followed the servant who opened the door. That of the chamber of



STATUE OF PSYCHE.

This beautiful statue, executed in Carrara marble, forms one of the several hundred valuable works of art to be awarded to the subscribers in the Cosmopolitan Art Association, on the 25th of March next.



STATUE OF FIDELITY.

The above beautiful group, executed in the finest Carrara marble, will, in addition to Powers' Greek Slave and several hundred paintings, sculptures, &c., be awarded as premiums among subscribers in the Cosmopolitan Art Association, on the 25th of March.



Leopold was open a little way, and he perceived his friend before the fireplace, turning with impatience at the noise he made on entering. He seemed so pre-occupied and so cross that Arthur stopped, almost frightened at the expression of his face.

"Ah, it is you!" said Leopold, at length, forcing himself to assume an air of satisfaction. His friend, while seating himself by the fireside, saw that some papers had just been consumed there. "I am to be married to-morrow." The smile with which Leopold replied to the questioning look of Arthur made him smile also.

"I understand; this destruction of that which marks the past is a sacrifice to the repose of the future. My faith, I would not have taken so much trouble if I had been foolish enough to get married; my principles do not permit me to keep love-letters. Those that have given me the most pleasure have not existed twenty-four hours after their reception."

"Ah!" said Leopold, in a tone of reproach.

Arthur continued,

"With your romantic ideas and your eternal love affairs, you see, that, after all, you arrive at the same point I do. But I, at least, it was for her I loved that I made a sacrifice, rendered necessary by my wandering life of an officer, and the disorder of an apartment where each of my comrades had the right of searching for what they pleased. You—here in a fixed position—master of your time, enjoying liberty—you have been able to give away your heart. As for me, I lent it for several days; and at the end of thirty-four years behold us both in the same situation. Foolish joys, pleasures of the heart, fleeting amusements, loves of the garrison, eternal passions, behold all that remains of them!" And Arthur stirred the cinders of the burnt letters with the tongs, and when some small pieces of paper were visible covered with writing in a lady's hand, Leopold carefully destroyed them.

Arthur, still holding the tongs, sought among the cinders the smallest bits which had escaped the fire, and each of them he found and threw back into it became matter of joyous, sad or philosophic reflections.

"Yet it is not true, Leopold? Each of these letters was written under the impression of an emotion more or less lively, and that perhaps was believed would exist always. Thy heart beat on receiving them, and—"

Leopold rose abruptly, took a turn through the room, removed some papers, tore up a journal, which he threw into the fire, and said, smiling,

"It seems that you have become terribly sentimental at Bourbon-Vendée!" There was a bitterness in his voice, which he tried to render cheerful.

"Listen, my friend. You have been too mysterious with me, above all, for the last four or five years, and conjectures are easily formed. I have made them to your advantage. If I had said all that I thought, and that which is most probable in the time that you have lived in Paris, I would have added that, happily for those women whom you treat thus, and whose souvenirs you have destroyed, they probably were the first to forget you, and it would have been foolish to attach more importance to their love than they did themselves. See! here is still another fragment of a letter! Did it come from that pretty little blonde that you did not wish me to see one day at Feydeau, and whom you met the next day in so mysterious a tête-à-tête with my colonel?"

Leopold laughed.

"And that one! is it from Augustine, that pretty dancer who made so much fun of you?—is this one from Anna? But all these souvenirs you received more than four years ago; you must have a great number of new ones."

The baron de Leymon was standing up. The first pleasantries of his friend had made him smile; but he appeared no longer to give them the least attention. Immovable before the fire, his looks fixed upon the cinders which Arthur was still moving, he was pale and seemed anxious. His lofty figure, his expressive eyes, his raven hair and beard, his noble face, sad and severe, gave to the whole of his person an appearance so remarkable that his friend was struck with it. He stopped, mute and pensive, examined him with anxiety, and for some minutes there was only silence.

Leopold was the first to break it.

"Your conjectures are false," said he; "the letters which I have just burned are all in the same handwriting."

There was upon his face when he pronounced these words an undefinable expression which frightened Arthur; they relapsed again into silence; each of the two friends had a thought which he concealed from the other. Arthur felt no longer a disposition to laugh; there was seen no longer upon the face of Leopold that forced smile with which he had hoped to deceive his friend. A tear trembled in his eyes.

Arthur arose and took him by the hand:

"Leopold," said he, "is it out of pique that you are going to marry? If so, it is not too late yet to break off your engagement, and do not unite yourself for ever to a woman whom you cannot love, and who does not love you."

A smile re-appeared upon the lips of the baron, but it was a gentle, calm and comforting one.

"You are still wrong," said he; "the lady I am going to marry is charming; she is but sixteen and possesses the graces of youth, the frankness of childhood, united to all the attractions of a woman. She loves me, and—I also—love her. We are to be married to-morrow. You see that my days are numbered; I have not a minute to lose; come with me to her house, I will introduce you to her."

Arthur hesitated; but at last he declined the presentation—excused himself because of his disordered dress and his fatigue after his journey, and asked some unimportant questions about the fortune and family of the bride elect. All three plies proved the advantages which the world values, and the conveniences which it exacts, joined to the agreeableness which are not always to be found in what is called a good match. Although all this was told by Leopold in a frank and confident tone, still it was evident to Arthur that his friend did not unfold to him all the thoughts which pre-occupied him, and that a secret grief hung over this marriage; but it was impossible for him to penetrate it.

At the moment of separation Leopold seized his hand.

"I shall not see you again, for the ceremony takes place at two o'clock to-morrow," said he; "and you have not said a word about yourself."

"About myself?" replied Arthur, carelessly, "what shall I say? I came from Vendée. Ah, my friend, this generation have all degenerated; love too! As for glory, it is never thought of; no one respects it. The heart has nothing to lean upon, and knows not crime from virtue."

"Can it be possible," said Leopold, "that your opinions are changed upon this subject? You who have made so many sacrifices to your opinions?"

"My opinions!" cried Arthur, with impatience, "my opinions! Have I any? Do I know where to stop? Who dares to affirm that good is here, or that evil is there?"

"But this wound—this arm still in a sling?"

Arthur smiled.

"When conviction of the mind is shaking, Leopold, there still remains the instinct of the heart: this is love. In one age it is called foolishness, and it excites no anxiety. At present, my friend, love is full of tolerance; it comprehends an opposite conviction, admires a contrary attachment, and allies itself to all that is noble and generous which the soul possesses. One believes but little in it, and one fears it not; it is so rare, and it has so little of enthusiasm! I have done what my heart commanded; now, independent and free, I wish to live from curiosity. There are so many things to see now in the world!"

"There are plenty of fools, it is true."

"Oh! folly is not the vice of our times; I find, on the contrary, reason everywhere. One makes such positive calculations and seeks his own but rest in everything, that the passions themselves are submitted to the arrangements of fortune or ambition. Who will show us any fools capable of a true attachment? I should like to find some, for in this calculating and egotistical age, faults are perhaps the only respectable things that remain to us; they alone are artless and true."

This fanciful philosophy brought some cheerfulness to the face of Leopold. Arthur continued,

"Do not believe, however, my friend, that I am a morose philosopher! No; I have come to Paris in order to pass my time gallily; you are going to be married in order to be happy; I will remain a bachelor in order to attain the same end. When I wish some recreation, I will associate with the world; when I have need of affection, I will come to see you, and enjoy your happiness."

At these last words, Leopold's countenance displayed a vague anxiety; he seemed almost to doubt that happiness of which he had endeavored to prove the existence to his friend, whom his sad pre-occupation did not escape.

They separated; and each felt that the full and entire confidence of former days existed no longer between them. In spite of the fatigue of his journey, Arthur was no quieter than he employed all his evening in visiting some of their mutual friends, in order to learn adroitly what report said of the marriage of the baron de Leymon; but assured that malignity or envy would acquaint him with everything alarming, or if any sad events had preceded it.

He could learn nothing! Madame d'Hauterive had become a widow very young, and was solely occupied with the education of her daughter; and in order to leave her all her fortune, had obstinately refused to marry a second time. Her family was honorable, and on a perfect footing with that of the baron; the young girl was charming; Leopold had visited there for a long time; they knew of no love affair which had taken place for several years. Arthur was reassured, and ended by persuading himself that his too susceptible friendship had only imagined some clouds in the happiness of his friend.

His friendship! It was his only passion! Arthur, with a moderate or tame, an ordinary fire, and a calm character, had had, like all other young people, some illusions. They were dissipated by the light of that cold good sense which spoils life, by making us see things as they are, and in giving us the secret motives for the actions and words of men. So he was neither ambitious nor vain; he had seen the truth without ill temper; he enjoyed the

good, sought to avoid evil and forget it; and his natural carelessness was increased by all which brings experience and reflection.

A practical philosopher, happy by nature, he was rarely deceived in his hopes or his affections—he expected so little of others! But a friend from childhood of Leopold, he was attached to his loving heart, his gentle character, his dreamy and tender soul. For the baron de Leymon to live was to love! His amours had been serious passions, and when violent grief had marked some of his affections, and he had wished to follow the example of Arthur, in occupying his life with those light relations which can leave no regrets, distance and pain overcame him; and as it almost always happens, in spite of the advice which the two friends reciprocally gave, each had followed his own inclinations, and they sought happiness in entirely opposite paths.

Arthur awaited impatiently the indicated hour, and it was with infinite pleasure that he admired the grace and enchanting charms of the young bride elect in the carriage where, placed opposite to her, he could contemplate her at his ease. His eyes were constantly fixed upon that face, which was still embellished by the most artless joy. Sometimes, also, his looks fell upon his friend, whose manly beauty and seriousness contrasted with that of Charlotte, but it was not less remarkable.

"Mamma," said the young girl, "as soon as summer comes again, we will go to Hauterive. M. de Bréval does not know that delightful abode; but the friend of M. de Leymon must become ours, and you will see, sir, a charming landscape upon the banks of the Loire. Oh, how much I amused myself there formerly, and how happy I shall be there now!" And her brilliant eyes added, with a smile, "What pleasure," continued she, "to walk together under the beautiful trees which border the river! But you know this pretty place, Monsieur de Leymon. Last year you passed three months there. I was at boarding-school then, and it is five years since I have seen that charming spot. Oh, how happy we shall be there, mamma! I have heard you say so many times that nothing equalled the happiness that you have experienced there. Is it not true that you will be content to return to it?"

Madame d'Hauterive made no reply. Arthur looked at her, and examined her for the first time. Madame d'Hauterive was just thirty-four; her face was rendered beautiful by its aloneness, its delicacy, and the regularity of her features. She might have been taken for a model, if one could have painted that sensibility which comes from the heart, and which was so inherent in her nature that the sound of her voice, her movements, her slightest gesture, attested, by their graceful nonchalance, a soul created for gentle and tender emotions. It seemed as if she could only utter words of consolation. Arthur felt himself involuntarily moved and attracted by this attractive expression.

At this moment she endeavored to reply to her daughter, but the words could not escape from her slightly contracted lips, because of the internal trouble of her mind. She held out her hand, took that of Charlotte, and pressed it feebly.

They arrived at the church. When it was time to descend from the carriage Madame d'Hauterive could hardly sustain herself, and, trembling, she leaned upon the arm of Arthur. Then, looking at him, she smiled; tried to jest upon the involuntary agitation of a mother who gives her child to another, who ceases to belong to her. And Arthur was astonished that, notwithstanding this apparent calmness, even cheerfulness, he remarked a slight agitation in the hand which rested upon his arm.

"My daughter is so young yet; that I did not expect to lose her so soon. And then, behold me an old woman; soon, perhaps, a grandmother!"

She smiled. But there was a singular contrast between the pale face, trembling hand, and the words which she tried to render gay.

During the ceremony she prayed fervently; her eyes were raised towards heaven with a supplicating expression. She looked beautifully then, less on account of the solemnity of her features, than from that emotion which seemed to detach her from earth, in order to turn all her vows, all her hopes, towards another world.

Leopold, of a nature habitually so calm, appeared agitated; his movements were quicker, anxiety and even fear appeared in the looks that he cast around him. Evidently he feared some fatal event which did not happen. He uttered, after the ceremony, a sentiment of joy, which did not escape his wife or his mother-in-law, but which did not suffice to restore cheerfulness to the remainder of this solemn day, so sad for every one. For, whatever the disposition of the married ones may be, the satisfaction of their families, the station of life in which they are placed, and the fortune which they possess, an inexpressible sadness presides over the marriage day of the hapless. They vainly seek in the foolish pleasures of balls, in the solitude of the country, in the pleasures of intimacy, and in the distraction of travel, a refuge from the reflections and painful impressions to which this eternal engagement gives rise.

As if the heart, so weak, so variable, and so incapable of preventing itself from experiencing a certain fear at the aspect of those immutable duties that it imposes, and that it should be involuntarily frightened at the irrevocable bond of which the happiness is supported upon affections so fragile.

The day was melancholy; the dinner had nothing of vivacity about it, in spite of the small number of the guests: Arthur and two relatives of Madame d'Hauterive composed the whole party.

"Oh," said Charlotte, beginning to be astonished at the melancholy faces of each, "how serious we all are! If I was superstitious I would take this mournful face, which infects me, for a presentiment, and I would fear some misfortune."

"Fear nothing," replied Arthur. "The gravity which always presides at a marriage only exercises its empire here, and troublesome presentiments cannot reach you. They are ordinarily vague sentiments of regret and remorse, an instinct of the mind awakened by some wrongs that we conceal from others and from ourselves, and which, without our knowledge, warns us that our conduct, having departed from the received ideas and principles, must result in unhappiness and unforeseen troubles."

On finishing these words Arthur saw with anxiety that Leopold arose and pressed him convulsively by the hand, as if to stop the words he was about to add, and to change the course of the conversation.

The baron continued all the evening uncommonly agitated. Ennui and restraint shortened the stay of the guests; the relatives and Arthur retired early. Arthur waited in vain for a glance of the eye, or a pressure of the hand, which on account of their friendship he expected in parting. With an anxious pre-occupation the looks of the baron wandered around the room, without fixing them upon any of the objects which were dear to him.

Arthur went out.

Madame d'Hauterive, without saying a word, took her daughter by the hand and conducted her to the apartment which was destined for her in the same house, and which was contiguous to the one which she occupied. She remained with her nearly half an hour, and then in order to go to her own chamber she was forced to cross the saloon. The baron de Leymon was still there, immovable, in the same place where she had left him when she went out with her daughter. He started at the sound of her steps, made a movement to rise, and stopped. He raised his hand to his brow, and when at length his eyes sought Madame d'Hauterive, she had disappeared. Soon he heard her close the door of her chamber; he quitted his arm-chair abruptly, walked up and down the saloon with a precipitate step, as if to escape from the ideas which beset him; then a servant having entered the apartment he withdrew, in order to avoid his notice, and went slowly towards the chamber where his wife awaited him.

Madame d'Hauterive had entered her room with apparent calmness; but after having cast her bewildered eyes around her, and being well assured that she was alone, she threw herself upon her knees with a kind of delirium, crying, "My God! my God! I have pity upon me! help me! I take away my life! I die a thousand times in suffering thus!" And tears, sighs, bitter complaints, and groans escaped from her heart.

Mademoiselle Durand, an old domestic who had taken care of her from childhood, and who occupied the room next to hers, approached a glass door which separated the dressing-room from the alcove; there, raising the curtain, she saw and heard all this despair, all this deep grief which the heart of her mistress could not contain. She dared not advance, and felt that she ought to respect a grief which Madame d'Hauterive, in spite of its violence, had been able to conceal from the eyes of all. But her anxiety kept her at the door for nearly an hour, expecting that she would be called, or that her attendance might be necessary. Then, not hearing any noise, and seeing her mistress still upon her knees, but motionless, supported by an arm-chair, and her head concealed in her hands, she closed her door, in order to draw her from her reflections and from a situation injurious to her health. But she spoke to her in vain, and having approached her, she found that she was cold and inanimate; she thought that she was dead!

She took in her arms this poor woman that she had rocked a joyous infant, and whom she had lived with all her life. She called her Lucie as she had formerly called her, and caressed her as she did then. Trying to re-animate her, still uncertain whether life had not for ever departed, hardly knowing whether to wish her to revive, or to hasten the renewal of her death, she closed for ever this mysterious misfortune, which had not been confided to her, but of which she knew all the details and extent. "Poor Lucie!" said she, "I have never quitted her since I took her, at the age of four, from the bed of her dying mother. I have grown old without any other interest in my life. I have partaken of all her griefs, without saying anything to her about it! When, after one year of a happy marriage, death deprived her of M. d'Hauterive, what suffering! Her daughter alone was able to sustain her to life!"

A tear fell from the eyes of Mademoiselle Durand; then she approached, in order to see the weak and almost imperceptible breathing which testified that her mistress still lived. "She is very beautiful! she is very rich! But if she never awakes, perhaps it will be better for her!" And this almost inhuman wish was spoken from so devoted a heart, that tears inundated the face of the poor old woman.

Madame d'Hauterive moved slightly; Mademoiselle Durand dried her eyes, resumed a tranquil air; and when her mistress came to herself, nothing upon the features of the old woman indicated that she suspected anything but a slight indisposition, as usually following the fatigue of the day.

Madame d'Hauterive put herself, or rather let herself be put to bed, without uttering a single word. After some moments of repose she recovered from her profound affliction; she thanked Mademoiselle Durand, and told her that she had no further need of her assistance; but the latter, on retiring, did not entirely close the door of the cabinet, intending to watch all night. In effect, she placed near this door, with the greatest precaution, a chair, upon which she seated herself. Thus but a little distance from the bed, but concealed by the draperies, holding her breath, avoiding the slightest movement which might betray her presence, she passed several hours listening to the sighs, broken with sobs, which betrayed an irreparable misfortune. They were wishes for death, regrets for a happiness lost without possibility of recovery, inarticulate reproaches, unheeded of anguish, and sufferings which seemed insupportable! and the tears of the old woman ran almost constantly.

"Alas! she has only me!" repeated she.

After several hours, when the day began to break, hearing no longer any noise, she advanced gently towards the bed of her poor mistress, and was rejoiced to see that fatigue had closed her burning eyes, and that she had sunk at last into a peaceful sleep.

(To be continued.)

## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

SUNNY moonbeams softly playing,  
Light the woods of Castle Keep;  
And there I see a maiden straying,  
Where the darkest shadows creep.  
She is listening—meekly, purely,  
To the wooer at her side;  
'Tis the "old, old story" surely,  
Running on like time and tide.  
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;  
Vows are many—truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple;  
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;  
She is wearing hood and wimple—  
His the castle, hers the cot.  
Sweeter far she deems his whisper  
Than the night bird's dulcet thrill;  
She is smiling—he is beguiling—  
'Tis the "old, old story" still.  
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;  
Vows are many—truth is rare.

The autumn sun is quickly going  
Behind the woods of Castle Keep;  
The air is chill—the night wind blowing,  
And there I see a maiden weep.  
Her cheeks are white—her brow is aching—  
The "old, old story" sad and brief;  
Of heart betrayed, and left, nigh breaking,  
In mute despair and lonely grief.  
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;  
Vows are many—truth is rare.

## LIFE SCENES IN NEW YORK.

A Sparring Exhibition, observed by Doesticks, P. B.

"Who struck Billy Patterson?" "Will saltpeper explode?" and "Will lager beer intoxicate?" These three are the great questions of the age; and as the first has been a vexed subject for many years, Padlin and myself, with that ardor in the pursuit of knowledge which has ever distinguished us, started on a tour for the purpose of elucidating, if possible, the great pugilistic mystery. Mature and careful cogitation taught us that the regular "fighting men" of the city would be likely to afford us information, and aid us to the successful result of our search, for the chances are several to one that one of the great fraternity of "roughs" favored the lamented William with the celebrated blow that has been the subject of such anxious and persistent inquiry. Among the fighting men, therefore, we determined to commence our pilgrimage, never doubting that the man of whom Mr. Patterson was smitten would be eventually found, or we be providentially guided to his honored grave.

The multitudes of "roughs" who congregate in our city have, of course, their peculiar amusements; chief among which are sparring matches, which are festive gatherings of sporting men and curious outsiders, for the purpose of seeing divers well-developed and half-naked gentlemen batter each other about the head with boxing-gloves, and make vigorous endeavors to legitimately break each others' necks in the lively amusement of wrestling. At a grog-shop in White street, connected with which is a large ball-room, these pleasant parties frequently come off, and on Wednesday of last week preparations were made for an evening's amusement of no common liveliness, of which fact the curious public was duly apprised by large yellow posters, upon which was the picture of two gentlemen of the "fancy," scientifically hammering each other, according to the acknowledged rules of the F. R. This document also specified that the principal performers on the occasion were men of admitted science and no end of pluck, that good cigars and the best liquors were to be had at the bar, and that on the whole a good time might be apprehended. It further set forth that there would be a few rounds between "The Bantam" and "The Jersey Pot," an amiable "mill" between "One-Eyed Josey" and "Brooklyn Mike," and that "Slashing Dan" and "The Lively Dumpling" would have a set-to for a bottle of whiskey and five dollars, half of which was to be expended at the bar to treat the "gentlemen patrons" of the exhibition. The entertainments of the evening were to conclude with a few friendly rounds between "Big Black Jake" and "Old Bill Regley," for whose benefit the whole performance was given. A number of amateurs were also to appear, but it did not seem that any great amount of sport was to be anticipated from their exertions, for their names were not announced.

Of course this was an opportunity not to be neglected by Padlin and the writer of this veracious account, and we resolved to be present in person and behold the fistic gladiators. It was deemed prudent to adopt some slight disguise, inasmuch as gentlemen of the fancy have an instinctive aversion to gentlemen of the press, and are apt to resent their efforts in the pursuit of knowledge as impertinent, and also to punish their reportorial heads without the slightest cause or provocation. Accordingly, with our shabbiest coats, our queerest hats, and our pants tucked defiantly into our heaviest boots; with our shirts loose at the neck, our hats cocked knowingly over one eye, while we endeavored to assume in our conversation and manners the identity of rowdies, we repaired to the designated spot.

We entered through a narrow hall, and found a bar-room in the back of the building. It did not differ from other bar-rooms, save in the filthiness of all the surroundings, and in the entirely vicious and brutal characteristics of the customers. These latter were the red-shirted class of rowdies, who, by their desperate acts and their imitation of the dress of our firemen, bring constant disgrace upon the department. Their general deportment may be described as slouchy; they have a guilty way of bearing themselves, never looking an honest man in the face, and, in fact, never entering into the society of honest men at all, except to make the said honest men suffer in some way to the advantage of the rowdies. They all have a sloop in the shoulders, and a shambling way of getting over the ground, and they all drink themselves dead drunk whenever they can get a chance. It is this class who are ever ready with the knife or the slug-shot, and who only live by one or another kind of robbery. With these and a few of a somewhat less objectionable class of men, horse-jockeys, gamblers, and others of the better dressed species of sporting-men, the little bar-room was thronged. Slang and blasphemy were the staples of the conversation, and when I assert that their talk was as filthy as their garments, I feel that the force of language can no further go. Padlin began shortly to exhibit symptoms of sea-sickness, and to clamor loudly for fresh air, and so we adjourned to the room up-stairs where the exhibition was to be given, and which had the advantage of being higher up in the world and of giving an opportunity for ventilation.

We paid each twenty-five cents to a sinister-looking man in a little hole in the wall, who scrutinized us somewhat sharply, as if he somehow suspected that we were not such thorough blackguards as we would make him believe; and being a competent judge of blackguards, he would doubtless have soon detected our spurious characters and turned us ignominiously into the street, had not the fifty cents been too great an inducement, and he finally concluded to let us pass.

The room to which we were admitted was a large ball-room about eighty feet long by forty feet wide, but it had long been disused for the original purpose, and the floor had become so completely



changed in appearance by the accumulation of indescribable varieties and unlimited quantities of nastiness, that it was more like a stable-floor than a place for the "light fantastic toe" to go through its evolutions. The customary orchestra box was perched upon the side of the room, and was filled with a number of sporting gentlemen who were desirous of being separated from the somewhat dirtier crowd below, and who had paid half a dollar each for that privilege. There were no seats in the hall except a single bench running entirely around the room close up to the wall, and which was used by a number of short blackguards to stand upon, that they might thus be able to oversee the long blackguards who stood in front of them. The principal object of note in the place was a platform elevated about four feet from the floor; it was situated in the centre of the room, was about twelve feet square, and surrounded by a strong railing to keep outsiders from climbing up into the ring, and also to save combatants from being knocked out of the ring by any blows of unusual strength and viciousness. This platform was, of course, the arena in which the combatants were wont to fight their pugilistic battles.

And now the people came pouring up the narrow stairs in crowds, as if the bar-room below had got suddenly sick at its stomach, and the exhibition-room was soon crowded. The little orchestra-box was crammed with the aristocratic fifty-centers, the floor was thronged with the professional roughs who were shoving and crowding each other in their attempts to get near the centre of attraction; the benches in the background were filled with more timid individuals, like Padlin and myself, who naturally preferred to be near the door in the event of a general fight, which is not unfrequently the culmination of a sparring exhibition; the stage was as yet empty, but the scene was already interesting. The only noises heard were oaths, scraps of obscene songs, yells to "bring on yer fighters," whistles, shrieks, invitations to drink screamed across the room from one acquaintance to another, loud and stormy discussions as to the comparative powers of the men about to be trotted out, challenges to fight, and threats to "break yer jaw," or "mash yer head," and similar amiable expressions of esteem and consideration, all delivered at once, and with an earnestness doubtfully intensified by the quantities of vitriolized liquors they had poured down. The odor arising from this tobacco-soaked floor, and from this inconceivably dirty gin-saturated mob, was an original one, that was fairly entitled to take the premium as the very vilest of all vile smells that ever offended human nostrils.

The scene was so peculiarly striking that Padlin, forgetting his whereabouts, took out a piece of paper for the purpose of making a sketch. This movement was noticed by an individual of the red shirt species, who, taking Padlin for a reporter, immediately rushed to his side, and before he had time to make a mark jerked his hat over his eyes. This delicate attention brought Padlin back to a sense of his situation, and he at once humbly apologized to the red shirt man, and assured him that he was not a reporter, but had merely taken out the piece of paper for the purpose of making a little calculation to see if he had money enough to treat the crowd. Red shirt was pacified with the explanation, and at once retired with Padlin, and honored that gentleman by taking two large drinks and a very strong cigar at his expense. By the time they returned the crowd had got very outrageous in their demands for "the fighters," and their yells brought out a very knotty specimen of a bar-keeper, who looked as if he had been twisted in every limb and lineament as if he had been tied up successively in a great many very hard knots, and had never been able to get the kinks out again. This beautiful Apollo mounted the platform and announced to the expectant crowd in very peculiar English, "Gen'lmen, I only want to say as how the Bantam and the Jersey Pet is a strippin' for the mill, an' will be ready wery soon." The knotty man then subsided, and the uproar was greater than ever for about five minutes, at the end of which time the knotty man again appeared, vigorously blowing a path through the crowd, and followed closely by the Bantam and the Pet, who marched on with the triumphant air of men who were going straight to glory.

The two champions at once mounted the stage, and were greeted with loud cheers and congratulatory exclamations. They were both naked from the waist up; and, as to their lower extremities, were attired in corduroy knee breeches, long stockings, and cowhide shoes. Their hair was cropped close to their heads, and the short hairs stubble that remained stuck straight up on end; their countenances were knotty, as if they had been battered about the head in their early youth with rolling-pins and broom-sticks. They were well developed as to their necks, arms and chests, but as a general thing were shaky on the legs. When the applause had somewhat subsided the Pet and the Bantam retired to the railing for a minute, while their seconds and bottle-holders entered upon the arena. These were four more knotty gentlemen, whose vocation it was to see fair play, and to afford, by means of their knees, resting-places for their principals whenever those gentlemen became so much exhausted as to need a breathing spell.

At last all was ready, and the two friendly foes stood up to face each other. They shook hands, which was rather a difficult operation on account of the boxing gloves with which their hands were encumbered. For he it known to the innocent and uninitiated that boxing gloves are huge stuffed leather cushions fastened to a man's hand, so that he may box his fellow-man and knock him about without serious injury to the countenance of that fellow-man.

The umpire called "time," whereupon the belligerents squared at each other, and commenced moving their arms about like insane windmills. After a great many feints, and false motions, and leaping forward, and sliding back, and droppings down on one knee, and daggings about, and after a great deal of walking cautiously around, and looking carefully for openings through which to batter each other, the Bantam struck out and hit the Pet on the nose—then the Pet smote the Bantam on the jaw, and also poked the Bantam in the ribs, whereupon the Pet made lively play and drove the B. to the ropes, and was proceeding to pound him at his leisure, when the umpire cried "foul," and his seconds seized him ferociously and made him sit down and rest for half a minute, when the umpire called "time," and they went at it again.

Now, I am not posted in the technicalities of boxing or prize-fighting, and can't give the particulars of each round, and relate how the P. "fibbed" the B., or "tapped his claret"—or how the B. got the P.'s head "in chancery," and then there demolished him; all I know about it is, that they mauled away at each other with great good humor—that they punched each other in the eyes, nose and mouth, and drummed on one another's ribs, and clinched and threw each other heavily down, and piled themselves up in indiscriminate heaps at intervals, and pommelled each other with those big leather cushions in a manner that seemed to afford immense satisfaction to the assembled spectators. The gentlemen lookers-on rejoiced exceedingly when one of the combatants was knocked sprawling, and it seemed to afford them a great deal of satisfaction when one of the fellow-men tapped his friend and brother with unusual violence on the eye, or gave him an extra lick in the mouth, or clinched his friend and brother round the waist, and threw that friend or brother over his hip to the floor, to the great damage of caving in the ribs of that friend and brother, to say nothing of breaking that friend and brother's neck. And when the Bantam and the Pet had jellified each other's faces, and mellowed their respective ribs till they could hardly stand, they were removed, and "One-eyed Josey" and "Brooklyn Mike" came forward and did the same thing; and after them came "Slashing Dan" and "The Lively Dumppling."

After a spirited mauling between these two, which was enjoyed to the very utmost, the knotty man got up on the stage again, and announced that the Dumppling was then in training for a prize-fight, which he was safe to win, but he had no present means of subsistence, and would be thankful for contributions. Then quarters and dimes and coppers were thrown from the delighted gentlemen present on the stage, all of which were for the benefit of the Lively Dumppling, and all of which the Lively Dumppling picked up in his very liveliest manner. When there were no more contributions, the Dumppling turned to the gentlemen patrons and bowed a bow, the like of which was never seen before, and incontinently disappeared.

Then of course the amateurs who had been announced to appear didn't appear—amateurs never do. So the promised set to between "Big Black Jake" and "Old Bill Regley" came off. Jake was a negro, and Old Bill a gray-haired old buxom, who looked as if at some early period of his life he had got the worst of a single combat with a trip-hammer. The negro, from amiable motives, no doubt, let Old Bill job him on the ear, and punch him in the eye, and bore him in the mouth, and belt him in the neck, and knock him about generally, until Old Bill was about tired out, when Big Jake put the climax to his amiability by suffering himself to be knocked fairly off

his feet by a blow under his chin, which he took with the greatest good nature.

And this is all there was of the sport—men exercising themselves violently, and knocking each other with leather pillows. I, who had expected to see streams of blood and dozens of cracked heads, was disappointed, and loudly expressed my dissatisfaction at the state of things. I was certain that I could knock people about with those cushions, although I had never had on a pair of boxing-gloves; but the thing looked so easy.

And now, as part of the performers had disappointed the audience and had not appeared, there was a call for volunteers. Encouraged by the perfidious Padlin, I offered my services, which were eagerly accepted. The Dumppling, whose performances I had very severely criticised, and whom I had mentally set down as very small potatoes indeed, was selected as my antagonist. I took off my coat and put on the gloves, and the Dumppling did the same. When he held out his hand for me to shake, I mistook the motion, and, thinking he was going to punch my stomach, I instantly hit him a furious blow in the countenance. I floored the gentleman, and he was going to get wrathful about it, but, when the mistake was explained, he forgave me, and we squared at each other. I made up my mind to first strike the Dumppling in the ear, then smite him between the eyes, give him two or three on the head, and then finish him by mauling him in the short-ribs till he was satisfied. Having thus laid out my programme, I proceeded to admonish the Dumppling of his ignorance of the manly art of self-defence, by giving him the preliminary rap in the ear, which I had determined on. But, it's a curious fact, when I struck out for his ear, my arm wasn't long enough by about a foot to reach it, while the Dumppling's fist somehow hit me in the mouth. I thought it very careless of him to throw his fist about in that manner, and resolved to teach him better at once. So I struck out for his ear again, but I fell on the Dumppling's fist the second time; then I began to think that he had put his fist there on purpose; but I tried again, and again the fist came exactly in my mouth—then I knew he did it on purpose, and I determined to punish him for it. Waiting till I saw a good chance, I made a furious blow at his eye—whether I hit him or not I don't know, but about that time there occurred some kind of an explosion, by which I was thrown headlong from the platform. Whether my right heel hit the man in the face before my left heel took the other man on top of the head, I am not competent to decide, but, when I woke up, the Dumppling was alone on the stage and I was on the floor, with a crowd about me, and my nose bleeding from the effects of my fall. I concluded that I wouldn't renew the combat—I feared another explosion. So I left, satisfied that men are not born good boxers, and with an increased respect for the Lively Dumppling. The crowd made jeering remarks at me as I went out, which I thought unkind towards a man who had just escaped with his life from a severe explosion.

Padlin, the wretch, insists that there was no explosion, and that what I thought was one, was only the last right hander of the Dumppling, which, Padlin says, took me fair between the eyes and knocked me clear over the railing. But that is Padlin's malice, at least I think so; but I am ready to acknowledge that if the Dumppling did hit me such a blow, I am quite ready to believe that he, the Lively Dumppling, is the identical man "who struck Billy Paterson."

### THE JAPONICA EPISTLES.

MISS ROSINA SMYTHE, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., AND MRS. SERAPHINA BROWN, OF UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, DISCOVERED IN THEIR DRAWING-ROOM, GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Miss Smythe reading FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE, and Mrs. Brown at a Writing-desk.

SERAPHINE.

ASSIST me, dear Rosa, what am I to say?  
You're not going to read FRANK LESLIE all day!  
What a bore, I must write! no wife's fate can be worse,  
Since my duty demands it, and so does my purse.  
Well, here's to begin. (Writes.)—"My dear husband—"

ROSA.

That's cold!

I should write "Darling Brown."

SERAPHINE.

That won't do—'tis too bold!

A wise man has said, and he never spoke better,  
"That we never should burn, nor yet scribble a letter!"  
But I go on the plan when I write to my Brown,  
I shall not much care if 'twere read by the town—  
When to any one else, as I do now and then,  
I put so much sly *equivoque* into my pen,  
That it cannot be shown by my friend, if she wished  
To prove a foul traitor, since herself would be dishied—  
For I carefully weave something in it, as tho'  
I'd got it from her—so I'm safe from a foe!

ROSA.

What a singular plan!

SERAPHINE.

There can't be a better—

But I must now really go on with my letter—  
It won't do to begin by asking for cash,  
It would let the cat out—and that, dear, would be rash;  
I'll put that in a postscript, which always contains  
The uppermost thought in the fair writer's brains.

ROSA.

Why not, oh! then, tell him the visit we made  
To Baltimore, love, to hear the opera played.

SERAPHINE.

Well, that's better than nothing—so Rosa, here goes—  
There's nothing like telling a man what he knows.  
(Writes.)—"Rosina and I, well escorted by beaux,  
Took a trip to fair Baltimore, just for a change,  
To hear great Herr Fornes, and the charming La Grange.  
'The opera was written by sweet Donizetti,  
Which is next thing to saying the music was pretty.  
It is founded on what you have read once before,  
In a novel of Willis—the Bride Lammermoor."

ROSA.

You are wrong, Seraphine, in your opera story,  
The opera we saw was Mozart's *Trovatore*.

SERAPHINE.

I know that, my love, as indeed who does not,  
But of that horrid affair I don't know the plot.  
And, above all, allow me to know my Brown's mind,  
He's a Whig, and was never to Tories inclined.

ROSA.

Oh! just as you please, love; but I make it a rule  
To save one from making herself quite a fool—

SERAPHINE.

Permit me to say, love, if truth dare be said,  
Nature's saved you that trouble—you're one ready made!  
But I beg you'll allow me to write on without  
Your childish remarks: I know what I'm about.

ROSA.

Oh, certainly, dear. I am sorry I brought  
This affront on myself; but I certainly thought—

SERAPHINE.

Permit me to ask, who authorized you  
To think, miss, for me?

ROSA.

Well, we will not pursue  
This foolish discussion;—and were you inclined  
To blow out your brains, I should let you!

SERAPHINE.

How kind!

Again, love, you spare me the trouble and woe  
Of watching o'er yours—you've got none to blow!  
But, perhaps, you'll allow me, Miss Smythe, to conclude  
My note to my husband—I hope I'm not rude?

(Writes.)

"The music was sweet, though the story was sad,  
She was going to be married—of course she was mad.  
It seems that her father, a Nassau street screw,  
Had married a dame of the Fifth avenue;  
Well it happened, as usual, her parents and she  
In the matter of lovers could not, somehow, agree—  
Though I, for my part, make bold to confess,  
That all a girl wants is money and dress,  
A brown stucco house, opera, sofa and carriage,  
Now that's my idea of a heaven-made marriage—  
And when a young fool rejects a rich suitor,  
I always consider she has had a bad tutor.  
What's love in a cottage, with nothing to cut on?  
Hashed sighs and stewed kisses can't come up to mutton!  
And for once to be vulgar—who sometimes is not?—  
A man's burning glances won't boil up the pot!  
And so, I repeat, give me fashion and riches,  
And I'd marry old Nick, though he wore Greeley's breeches—  
Not so, Miss Lucy; she'd met, loafing around,  
One of those fast chaps with which cities abound;  
And they, in a moment of nonsense and rhyme,  
Had joined their two hearts by breaking a dime—  
I guess the poor fellow couldn't scrape up a dollar.  
Well, each wears their half by a string round their collar;  
He then sails away to win glory, or so,  
To Hungary or Texas—perhaps Mexico—  
Where these queer places are, I'm sure I don't know,  
Since Miss Haight once assured me geography's low,  
And I never remember what's vulgar—that's so!  
But first I should mention—now isn't it queer?—  
He swears to be faithful for exactly a year.  
And if he comes not in that time back to wed,  
She had better believe, so he tells her, he's dead!  
Well, when he has gone, her father and mother  
Quite pester her life out to marry another—  
Till at last, wearied out, and supposing him dead,  
She pledges herself that day twelvemonth to wed!  
The morning arrives—sure as fate comes the chap—  
The very rich suitor to make the girl happy.  
The contract is signed—dear La Grange is despairing—  
When in rushes Brignoll, all ranting and swearing;  
He bullies Herr Fornes, and offers to fight  
That unfortunate base, and then stabs him outright—  
Looks knives at La Grange—and, savage as Rynders,  
Wants to break their heads first and then smash all the windows.  
La Grange—that is Lucy—not knowing what to do,  
Goes off in a very fierce singing fit too;  
And the bridegroom, the parents, the bridesmaids, and I all  
To the scraping of fiddles set up such a squall,  
I began to quite fear the whole ciling would fall.  
This is very convincing that the best of all ways  
To listen to reason is not to hear what she says,  
And never to swear you'll be faithful and true,  
For that's very unpleasant, Brown, sometimes to do;  
But marry the man who has got the most cash,  
And then a girl's certain of cutting a dash,  
And be as admired by all folks in the town  
As the too happy woman who's married to Brown!  
(That's a delicate touch for that stingy old beast,  
And worth a five hundred extra dollars at least.)  
"Indeed, when I think of your dear, sweet, poor leg,  
Tears roll from my eyes quite as big as an egg;  
I oft lie awake, full of thoughts on our marriage—  
And of the dear present you made me—that carriage—  
But the thought is too much, I can't write for my tears—  
How very much distance a husband endears;  
I'll therefore conclude with now calling down  
All heavenly blessings upon my dear Brown."  
(That's another sweet touch—but Brown's such a brute,  
You get the most out of him sometimes when you're mute;  
But while I'm about it I'll humor the log,  
He's fond, too, of pork, so I'll go the whole hog.)  
"I forgot, love, to tell you the weather is fine,  
And the great fight in Congress—Your own

SERAPHINE.

P. S.—*Apologies*, I had nearly forgotten to say  
That I've drawn a small draft on your bankers to-day;  
I don't quite remember if 'twas one thousand or two—  
Whichever it was, love, a less sum wouldn't do—  
But I've bought with the money some presents for you."

### Punctuation Points.

The points now used in punctuation were introduced into writing, gradually, some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, thus, Publius Scipio Africanus. Up to the end of the fifteenth century, only the period, colon and comma had been introduced. The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular figure or line proportionate to the size of the letter. To Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer, in 1790, we are indebted for the semicolon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules now observed in regard to their use. The notes of interrogation and exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom. Inverted commas (") were first used by Monsieur Guillemint, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use of *italic* letters, and the French printers now call them by that name. But they have lately been used by English printers to denote quoted matter. In a London book ("The Art of English Poetry"), printed in 1807, it appears that the present mode of denoting quoted matter is therein denoted by being set in *italic*. It is not known by whom the apostrophe and dash were invented.

### Interesting Discovery.

In the county of Nassau, which is full of old Roman antiquities, a highly interesting discovery has just been made. About half way between Weisbaden and Mayence, in the making of a new road, several graves were laid open. They were principally covered in with tiles, forming a parallelogram, the longest side of which measured about two feet. The principal contents consisted of ashes and decayed bones, lacrymatories and pieces of broken pottery. One grave contained several objects in iron, a well-preserved gridiron or grate, and a chain with a hook attached to it, upon which still hung the remains of a copper kettle, as also some nails and bronze ornaments. There were various cups of terra sigillata, and lamps ornamented with the heads of deities. Amongst other objects in glass and bronze was found a curious instrument for piercing holes, with a moveable head and point attached to it. The most extraordinary of the things discovered was a hollow glass vessel, in the form of a fish, with the head bent perpendicularly downwards. It is extremely thin, but for what object it was used it is impossible to say. Only one coin has been as yet discovered, and it bears the effigy of Nero. The graves are placed occasionally in the direction from north to south, and occasionally from east to west.

WASHINGTON IN A TIGHT PLACE.—When Colonel Lee, of New York, was collecting subscriptions for the equestrian statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union Park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list. But old Lucie declined respectfully.

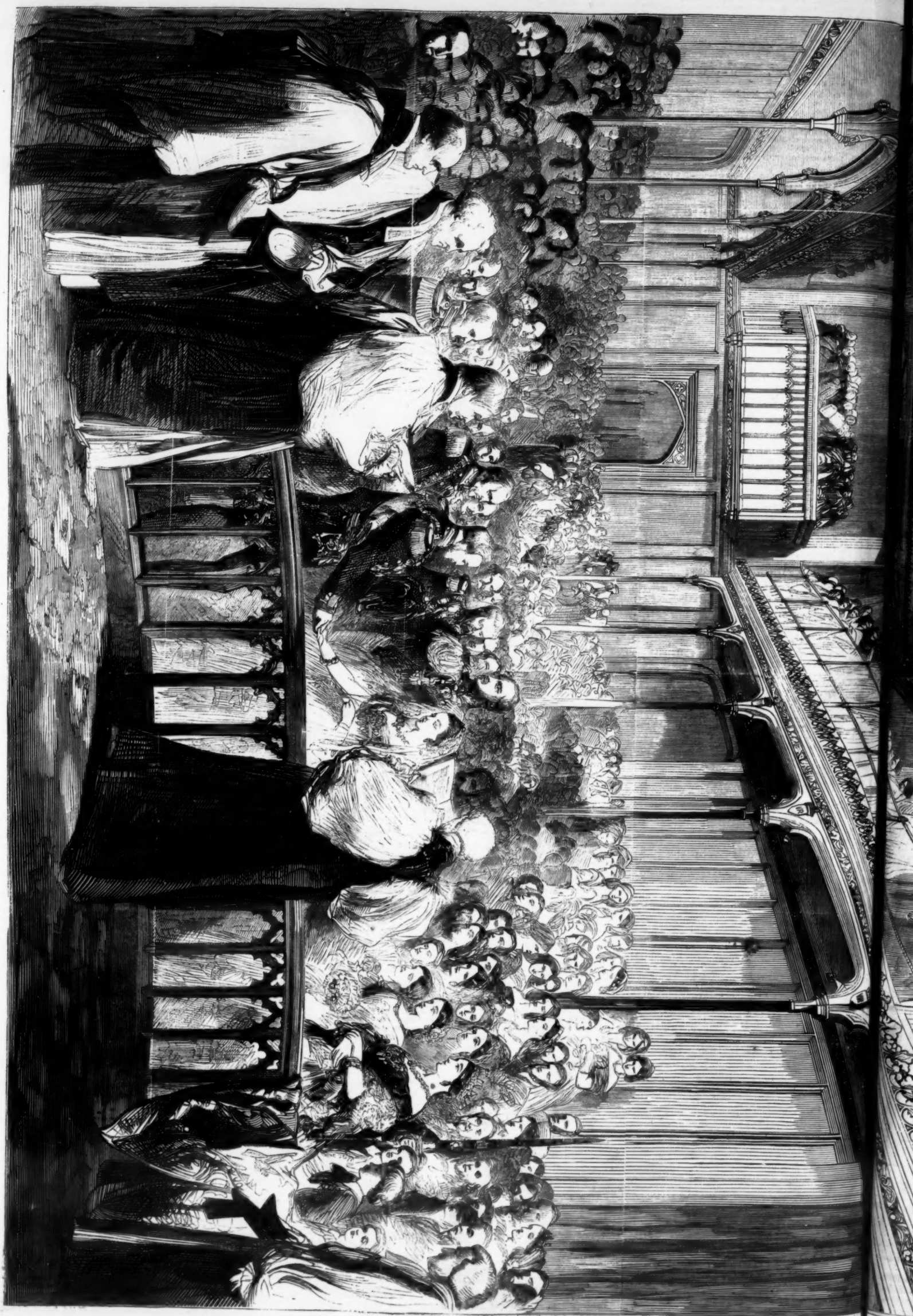
"I do not see," he said, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and \$500 is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people."

"Benefit to you?" replied the colonel; "why, sir, it will benefit you more than anybody else. The statue can be seen from every window of your house; it will be an ornament, and will add dignity to the whole neighborhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington!"

"Ah! colonel," answered old Lucie, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he placed his hand upon his heart.

"Then let me tell you," replied Colonel Lee, "if that is so, all I have got to say is, that you have got Washington in an uncommon tight place."





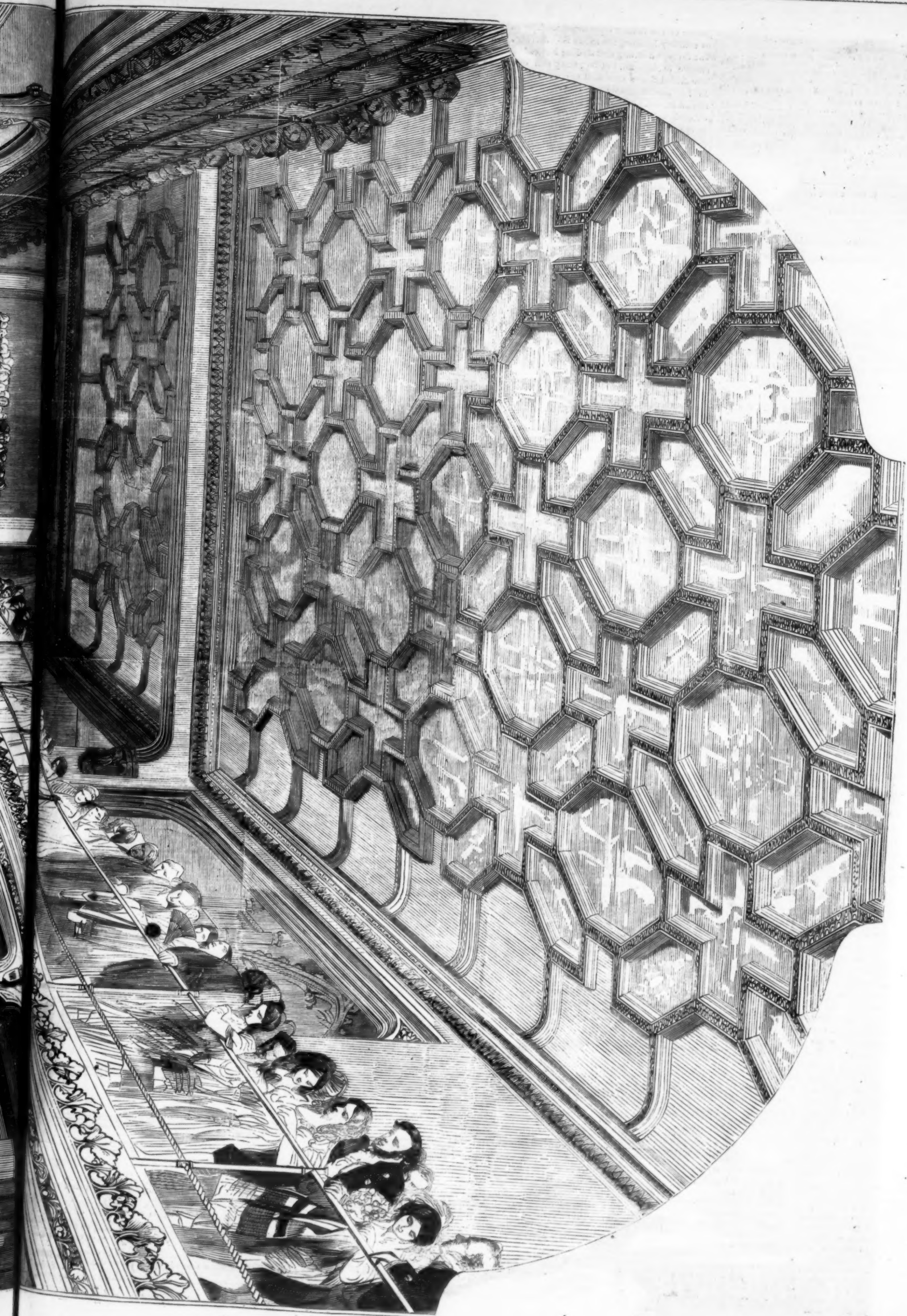
THE BRIDAL CEREMONY BETWEEN THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND AND THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE. SEE PAGE 210.



MARCH 6, 1858.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

[MARCH 6, 1858.]





**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.**  
 Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.  
 The thrilling four act Drama, with new scenery, &c., of  
**THE COURIER OF LYONS.**  
 Doors open at 6½; the performance will commence at 7½ o'clock.  
 Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

**WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.**  
 Proprietor.....Henry Wood.  
 GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme.  
 Stage Manager.....Sylvester Beecher.  
 Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.  
 Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Incomparable American Drama.**  
**THE PIONEER PATRIOT; OR, THE MAID OF THE WAR PATH.**  
 Dramatised by Mr. H. Watkins, from Cobb's great story.  
 Every Evening at seven o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at half-past two o'clock.  
 Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.  
 Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1858.

### Special Notice.

We repeat what we have frequently said before, that we cannot be responsible for any MSS. sent to us unsolicited. The authors of the MSS. that we accept will be addressed upon the subject. The MSS. which we reject we will not undertake to return.

### Our Royal Wedding Papers.

THE marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Prussia has created so lively an excitement in our midst, that we have devoted a large amount of our space to its illustration. We shall continue the subject in our next, presenting in our pages the most perfect and elaborate pictorial description of this famous marriage that has yet been published in any one paper, even in England. We have transferred to our pages the most characteristic pictures contained in the various London and German periodicals, and the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will get, in the two numbers, for Twelve Cents, the

### GEMS OF ALL THE PICTURES

Illustrating the Royal Marriage,

with the various details of the

### COSTLY BRIDAL PRESENTS,

and the ONLY CORRECT PORTRAITS OF THE

### YOUNG PRINCESS AND HER BRIDEGROOM.

We shall also publish the famous Portraits of the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, painted by the celebrated Winterhalter at the time of their wedding.

### OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

of the

### NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

at

### WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN AMERICA.

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel a little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

### Congress.

THE "Kansas question" is still apparently the only thing of interest in our national legislature, and everything that is accomplished is directly or indirectly connected with this overdone subject. The Clay and Calhoun difficulty was literally made a Congressional affair, as we presume the honorable United States Senators, who acted as "mutual friends," and finally, we are happy to perceive, brought about a reconciliation between the belligerents, must have attended to little else while the affair was pending. Messrs. Shields and Rice, Senators elect from Minnesota, have not yet been permitted to take their seats, as the State they represent is still out of the Union; if the delay is unnecessary, the responsible parties deserve the condemnation of every man in the country. The "excitement" of the time being the passage between Mr. Bell and Mr. Johnson, Senators from Tennessee, the former making a defence of his conduct for voting against the Nebraska bill; in the debate he notified Mr. Johnson that, hereafter, he should abstain from taking any personal notice of him. The bill for the admission of Kansas has been made the special order for Monday, March 1st. The bill to increase the army was lost in the Senate, its own friends killing it dead.

In the House the Kansas Committee met on Wednesday, Feb. 24th, when the Republican members renewed their attempts to create a delay in the presentation of the reports of the inquiry; they were, however, defeated. A bill for the defence of the frontiers of Texas was reported by the Military Committee. The resolutions in the case of Mr. Matteson were discussed at considerable length, and finally referred to a select committee. The consideration of the resolution providing for the appointment of a select committee to inquire whether Executive influence had been employed to control legislation, was postponed until Tuesday, the 2d of March. Notice of a bill was given to permit creditors of the Federal Government to bring suits in the United States Courts. After the discussion of the Kansas bill in the Committee of the Whole, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed, and the House adjourned.

### Foreign.

THE Emperor of the French has dispensed with the usual diplomatic circumspection, and has expressed direct to the English Government his sincere regret that any language should have

appeared in the French papers calculated to wound the feelings of the English people. He expresses entire confidence in the justice of the British Government. The *entente cordiale*, as far as courtesy between the rulers is concerned, is as good as ever; but there is a strong and abiding hatred between the two peoples, passive in England, but hot, fussy and demonstrative in France. The Allied forces escalated the walls of Canton, December 28, 1857. The heights within the town were speedily taken possession of, and Gough's Fort was blown up. The escalade was effected with but little loss on either side. The victorious troops were restrained from entering the city. The troops engaged were 4,600 British and 900 French. The latest intelligence from India is of a more cheerful character. Sir Colin Campbell continues his career of success. Direct communication was open between Delhi and Calcutta. A difficulty has occurred between the Governments of France and Switzerland, on the subject of the refugees. A prospectus has been issued for another Swedish loan of \$8,000,000, to be devoted to the construction of railroads. There was a slight decline in consols; breadstuffs were dull, but cotton had advanced.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Fatal Singer.—How the Emperor of the French nearly fell under his potent spells.

AMONG the many reasons given for the occurrence of which we have spoken (the attempted assassination of the Emperor), there is one that has not been mentioned by the journals, and that is the reputation of *jeleures* (throwing spells) enjoyed by the *beneficitaire* of the evening, and which, in the origin, is reported to have driven him from Paris many years ago. This reputation, he it remarked, is shared with another highly popular artist, who, however, carries it to no such extreme lengths, and is, consequently, exempt from such extreme cases as those which have chequered the life of Massol.

This singer, once the pride of the French Opera, is said to have discovered his singular and fatal gift during the performance of Halevy's "Charles VI." In the air "De Malédiction," the finest in the piece, he utters a solemn adjuration to his betrayer to appear be-side him at the judgment seat within the space of three days. The first time the air was sung—in order to give greater emphasis to the words—the singer pointed upwards, when lo! scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when, from the ragged clouds which form the heaven of the opera, a poor machinist fell flat upon the boards, and was picked up senseless. The poor fellow was conveyed to his own lodging, where he expired in three days from that time from the effects of concussion of the brain. The coincidence was noticed at the time, but the opera being soon afterwards suspended, it was, ere long, forgotten.

"Charles VI." was once more chosen for the *rentrée*. Full of the remembrance of the catastrophe which had occurred before, the singer this time was careful to avoid the clou s, and, in the famous rhapsody "Paraissez!" pointed downwards—direct into the orchestra. It was enough! The director, Heberich, turned pale and sick, went home to bed, and died the third day from the time.

Pour le coup, this time the people did begin to reflect, and to look with curiosity, at all events, at the direction towards which the singer pointed his finger when summoning the recalcitrant tyrant to meet him in the other world. This time, it appears, the artist gazed around with precaution, and perceiving the empty box of the Agnados, at the side, thought himself quite safe, and launched forth with the greatest energy into his oft-repeated "Paraissez!" But before the box door opened, and Agnado himself appeared in front. The greatest amateur of music, he had been unable to resist the opportunity of wearing once more the famous air "De Malédiction," and had stopped his carriage on its way to the railway station, whence he was about to start for Madrid, in order to quit Paris with these delightful sounds still ringing in his ears. We all remember the celebrated Agnados, the rich, the honored, the courted and admired, died at a solitary cottage by the wayside, without a relation, without a friend, on the third day after leaving Paris, on the road to Madrid, which place he never reached, and this time, *par ma foi*, the effect was too palpable.

Each time the singer stood forth to sing the famous air, the boxes in the vicinity of the stage would be cleared in a twinkling, and it was a pleasant sight to behold the flight of the dandies from the lion's den at the side scenes, whose care of their own particular skins is proverbial. Soon after this Massol withdrew. And here we have him again, and on the only night of his performance see what happens. The Italians must be right—he is a *jeleure*! But we know our remedy. Let us keep our forefinger and little finger spread out all the while he is before us, and we have naught to fear. He may summon us as he pleases; the more he calls the more we won't come.

A Russian "Lion" in Paris, who buried his Prisoners alive.  
 The history of the new lion at Paris is discovered at last. Prince E— has been amongst us for some time, and all around him has remained enveloped in mystery until the present moment. He has furnished the most splendid hotel in the most sumptuous style which has ever been beheld, and has set up his establishment entirely in the Russian style, with as numerous a *parade* as he once possessed at his mansion on the banks of the Neva. Artists and literati of all parties have been convicted, and large parties given. Every one has flocked to his house, to enjoy the good things offered by so generous a host, who, let it be discovered that Prince E— is the prince who insured the sentence of perpetual banishment to Siberia for having buried his captured prisoners alive! On the accession of Alexander, the Prince's B— obtained a remission of the sentence, on the condition that the Prince should never again set his foot in Russia; so he honors Paris with his presence. This will account for the singular tale of the prince's aversion to being left for one single moment alone, and his horror at the idea of having any but female attendants about his person.

A Lady who prescribes the Costumes of her Visitors.

Madame Lehou has withdrawn from Paris, and is about to establish herself in regal splendor at her magnificent chateau of Condé. The hotel in the Champs Elysees is put up for immediate sale. The intention of Madame Lehou seems to be to hold a court at Condé, as rumor states that no guest will be received who does not submit to wear the costume as designated by the fair hostess. For the gentlemen, hunting costume, black velvet coat with gilt buttons, white leather inexpressible, Russian boots and jockey cap; the ladies, green silk petticoat, with long basquine of black velvet, scarlet petticoat and high-heeled shoes, broad felt hat and long leather. The pretension has given rise to much sneering, but it will be submitted to nevertheless.

### Mosaic Items.

The British residents in Paris prepared a splendid marriage present for the Princess Royal, consisting of a superb diamond necklace, which once belonged to Catherine of Russia, and which has cost \$7,000. It is enclosed in a shagreen case, mounted with gold, and bearing the Anglo-Prussian arms in brilliant diamonds. This case alone cost \$500.

The following is from a private letter received by a gentleman in Clifton: "Grazie, the civilian, went to General Niel to know if it were the case that he had forced high caste Brahmins to wash up the blood, &c., at Lawpore. He replied, 'marital law is declared,' and did not recognise his authority to question his proceedings, but, for his information, he begged to state that he had done so; more than that, had flogged them too, and then handed them. Grant sent the correspondence to Government. Canning in council handed it over to Campbell, who exclaimed, 'Well done, Neil! hang Grant next!'"

Immediately after the death of Marshal Kadetky, some of his servants, who would appear to have enjoyed his entire confidence, since they knew where he kept his money, took advantage of the confusion and forgetfulness which the melancholy event gave rise to, to make off with a considerable sum. The telegraph had done its work; they were arrested, and 72,000 florins were found on their persons.

An affecting scene (state several of the journals) took place at the Tuilleries after the thanksgiving mass, at which the Emperor and Empress were present, on the day following the late attempt. The Prince Imperial, when brought to his august parents, remarked the crash made on the previous evening on the face of the Emperor, and said, in his infantile accents, "Papa hurt!" The Emperor took the Prince in his arms, and said, "You love papa, do you?" The Prince replied by kissing the Emperor, and again repeated the word, "Hurt!" At these caresses and these infantile words, the man who had beheld death so near him without being disturbed and without changing countenance, could not restrain the feelings of his heart, and he shed tears.

The statue of Sussana, executed by Huguenin, which attracted so much notice at the late Exhibition, has been purchased by the rich American, Laurence Saltes, the greatest patron of art now residing in Paris.

The great beauty at the last ball at the Tuilleries, the Comtesse de K—, is said to be re-arranged as destined to wield the sceptre fallen from the hands of the Italian Comtesse de C—. The beauty of the lady is undeniable; of a totally different character, however, to that of her predecessor—at very fair complexion, the "roses upon snow" of the northern regions. She wore the Russian national head-dress—a high diadem of green velvet, studded with brilliants of the first water; and the veil which depends from the coiffure, instead of falling behind, was drawn around her face, encircling her countenance like a cloud gathering around some bright particular star. Nothing could be more lovely than her appearance, which excited murmurs of admiration whenever she passed by, guided and guarded as well by Pacciochi.

M. de Moray has told many of his English friends that all gratitude is due to the London police, without whose aid no intimation whatever of the arrival of Pierré in Paris would have been made to the authorities. It seems that a letter from London announced, some weeks ago, that Pierré had lately held suspicious meetings with his countrymen, and that, should he present himself in Paris, it would be well to overlook his movements.

The ship John Milton, of New Bedford, was wrecked off Montauk, L. I., on the 20th of January. It was totally destroyed, and all the crew were lost. A more complete shipwreck has never been recorded.

A son of General John A. Dix, the millionaire, has opened a studio and commenced the life of an artist in earnest. It is said that he has an obvious talent for marine views.

Hon. A. M. C. Pennington, late M. C. from New Jersey, has been admitted to practice in the Courts of this State.

Fourteen members of the Iowa House of Representatives are natives of New York, nine from Pennsylvania, and seventeen from Ohio.

A Methodist Church in Cincinnati was partially destroyed on the evening of February 19, by the terrible explosion of defective gas-pipes, and many persons were severely wounded.

Seven interesting young ladies of Pittsburg have recently taken the veil in the Chapel of St. Mary's.

Judge Kane, well known for many years, and father of the late Dr. Kane, the Arctic traveller, died lately at Fern Rock, his residence, near Philadelphia.

Dr. Lydia F. Hasbrouck, who edits the Middletown *Spectator*, declares that presently she may find editing, housekeeping, baby-tending, cooking and washing, a little more than she can attend to.

In the Michigan State Prison there are 411 prisoners; the disbursements of the prison last year were nearly \$50,000.

Prof. Agassiz is in Florida, on a tour of recreation. Dr. Solger, during his absence, is giving ethnological and historical lectures at his school in Cambridge.

There are five establishments in Detroit, engaged in manufacturing tobacco, using in a year 700 hogheads, and averaging a total of a million pounds per annum. The leaf is purchased in Kentucky.

General Havelock has left valuable papers, more or less autobiographical, descriptive of his feelings as a religious man engaged in war—his mode of dealing with his troops, and of his relations to great officials. These papers are in good hands.

The tooth of a mastodon was found last week in a marl pit, near Pemberton, N. J. Its size is that of the fist of a large man, and its preservation is excellent.

George D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, is lecturing in Virginia.

Rembrandt Peale, the distinguished artist, read, on his eightieth birthday, a paper on "Washington and his Portraits," before the New York Historical Society.

A clergyman in Southfield, Mass., had a model donation visit last week. His people put on his table an evergreen tree, and hung its branches with gold eagles.

A dreadful calamity occurred recently at St. Louis. The Pacific Hotel took fire, and a scene of horror followed. Many were killed and wounded.

Professor James Hall, the New York geologist, is busily engaged in the preparation of his work on the geology of Iowa, undertaken by order of the Legislature of that State.

It is said that a music house in Boston has paid \$1,200 to Mr. George F. Root for the copyright of the little song of "Kosalia."

The Tennessee House has refused to invite General Walker to address its members.

Hon. J. T. Headly, late Secretary of State, is engaged in the preparation of a life of Gen. Havelock.

A mechanic in straightened circumstances, at Chicago, has just fallen heir to a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars, by the decease of a relative in Australia.

Alpheus Baker, a class mate of Daniel Webster at Dartmouth College, died lately in Columbus, Ga., in his eighty-seventh year.

Twenty acres of Chicago property are in Chancery, besides 500 acres outside the city limits. The plaintiffs are private parties—the defendants are the Rock Island Railroad Company, and 139 private owners. The value of the property involved is immense.

The U. S. revenue steamer Shubrick, from Philadelphia for California, was at Pernambuco, January 31; all well.

The Governor of Florida is calling out more volunteers for the Billy Bowlegs war.

The South has already opened the African slave-trade, and a regular depot has been established on Pearl River, Miss., where cargoes are received and negroes sold and put to work. The vessels engaged in the trade generally use the French flag, to avoid disturbance from British cruisers.

Chief-Justice Nelson, of the Massachusetts Superior Court, has become insane, and has been conveyed to the hospital in Somerville.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Vincennes, Commander Totten, sailed from Sierra Leone for Monrovia on the 9th ult.

Several millions of dollars are lying in Savings' and other Banks and Trust Companies, for which no owners can be found. Meantime the interest goes on accumulating, and Senator Brandreth proposes that these vast amounts be devoted to public education.

The brother of Mr. Spurgeon, a young minister of even greater promise than the clerical celebrity himself, has lost his voice, and is supposed to be sinking in consumption.

Mrs. Bliss, daughter of General Taylor, was married at New Orleans on the 11th of February, to Philip P. Landridge, of Virginia.

Eight hundred hands in the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, have struck for higher wages. The proprietors refuse increase, and the mills have stopped.

The Secretary of War, with Generals Scott and Harney, is busily engaged in arranging the spring campaign against the Mormons.

Mrs. Rosa, recently tried at Syracuse for poisoning her husband, has been unanimously acquitted, although public opinion is against her.

### GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

In the City Cars.

We are of opinion that the city railroads are conducted on a shockingly bad plan! The peace and comfort of the feminine world are not consulted at all in their arrangements, and complaints are reaching us from all quarters as to the sufferings undergone in these vehicles by our fair friends. As witness the following letter:

No. —, WEST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK,  
 February 27, 1858.

DEAR LADY EDITOR.—As you have constituted yourself the champion of all our wrongs, I don't entertain the least doubt that you will sympathize with the list of grievances that I am going to unfold.

Papa sends his carriage and horses in the "hard times" panic, and so whenever I want to go shopping on Broadway or Canal street, I am, perforce, obliged to ride down in the cars. That is a shame, to begin with, but if I enter a car, it is sure to be crammed full of disagreeable creatures, their noses just visible above a wall of coat-collar, and their mouths full of nasty tobacco. They don't jump up to make room for me—not they—but on the contrary, one becomes suddenly absorbed in the advertising columns of the newspaper, another puts his head out of the window, and a third contemplates the tips of his boots with steady gaze! If, by the merest chance in the world, one of them gets ungraciously up, and suitably offers me his seat, I'm expected to be very thankful for the privilege of squeezing myself into four square inches of seat! Who wants to be scooped at by a lot of cross bears? Who wants to have her silks and velvets crushed and soiled by the horrible boots of her neighbors, or to have the elbows of some fat old heathen thrust into the flowers of her bonnet every time he turns his newspaper?

And sometimes my poor little toes are nearly crushed by the careless men, who stumble over me as if I was made of India-rubber, and hadn't the least feeling. When I want to get out, I am obliged to stand up on tip-toes and strain out the seams of my velvet basque, in vain attempts to reach the strap, while the fellows in broadcloth coats and garotte-collars sit by, staring as coolly as if I were jumping for a wager! It makes me angry every time I think of it!

I wonder what kind of men the Railroad Presidents are. Do you suppose the remonstrances of a pretty girl of eighteen would have any effect on them? Couldn't they be induced to label some of their cars, "For Ladies Exclusively?" I am sure that would be a politic move, for then we could all ride so comfortably, and the hateful bears might go by themselves like so many wild animals in a cage. What is your advice?

EMILY R. N.

What is our advice? Why, we can of course have but one opinion on this subject, and we will aid Miss Emily with all our influence, when she lays this delicate point before the Railroad Presidents. It is not long since we ourselves witnessed an interesting little episode of this description in a city car.

We happened to be the only lady in a car full of "bears," and exposed to countless sorrows—one savage on our hoops, another planting his muddy feet on our light-colored silk train, and balancing his heels on our gaiter boots, while our neighbors were showering tobacco juice in every direction—when a bright little sunbeam sort of a lady tripped in, in that weary and exhausted state which ladies call "tired to death." Of course you expect there was an immediate stampede among the "nobler sex" to give this bit of bonnet and mantle a seat. Not at all, however. They all sat as if turned to stone, staring



gradually at the floor. Our lady, after waiting about five minutes, gave way to her womanly scorn and indignation, and coolly seated herself, fringed, founced, fanned, and all on the floor of the car. The gentlemen opened wide their mouths and eyes—they were not quite prepared for this species of retaliation, and it took them decidedly unawares. In an instant about thirteen sets were politely tendered, but the spirited little woman resolutely declined making any compromise. But at length when a remarkably good-looking, slim young gentleman with a "love of a squint" and fine eyes, positively invited in her taking his vacant seat, she acquiesced, amid the sheepish looks of the whole assemblage, and much to our secret exultation. Do you suppose there was a single one of all those gentlemen that wasn't mighty polite to everything that wore a bonnet for the next six weeks? There can hardly be any question on that subject.

#### An Editor's Opinion of our Basques.

Are basques really going to become obsolete? We hope not, and we don't believe they are. But then we reserve the right to do just as we please in the matter, and are somewhat indignant at the horrible impudence of the editor of the Springfield *Register*, who declares that "he gave his heart to the basque years ago," and absolutely dares to enter a protest against its passing out of step. Here are his audacious opinions, which we propose to combat at every step:

"Perhaps we shall be accused of meddling with that which does not particularly concern us."

To be sure you will, and don't you deserve it? A pretty idea, to be poking about in the mysteries of a lady's wardrobe!

"Don't we have to pay for the dresses?" To be sure—what else are your good for? "Don't we have to sit with them evenings?" Yes, if you're not at the club, or the opera house—where you generally are. "Does not every career of wife, or sister, or cousin, or sweetheart, embrace this great question of basques or no basques?" Does not the abandonment of the basque involve the abandonment of all those pleasant varieties of dress procurable by the simple change of skirts? Just as if we couldn't settle all those matters—ourselves—and can't you hug us just as well if we wear cunning little polka waltzes. Not that we ladies are going to let you do any such thing—no, indeed! "Is it none of our business?" For whom are the dresses made, we should like to know? Whose admiration are they intended to excite? What do ladies wear handsome dresses for, except for the purpose of pleasing the brethren? Well, we are astonished! We've often heard of the "height of impudence," but we never saw it reduced to an editor's columns. Do you suppose we "dress up" and make ourselves of ourselves for your benefit, ye race of masculines? It's a perfectly ridiculous idea! We adorn ourselves and go out radiantly on Broadway because we like to be beautiful, and to feast our eyes on one another's brightness. We like it, just as the flowers like to blossom, and the sunbeams to shine. There, you are answered now.

But it won't do to omit the finale of presumption with which this audacious editor winds up.

"We therefore take this early occasion to declare that we shall hold ourselves bound to admire no woman who discards the basque and adopts the idea of the meal bag. We will not place our arm around the waist of any woman who may happen to be in danger of falling, unless she wears a basque. We are determined to frown down this threatened change with all the power of a severely corrugated countenance. So, dressmakers, beware!"

Where's this gentleman's wife? What can his female relations be thinking of to allow him to make himself ridiculous in this unwarranted manner? Why don't he confine himself to his own coat, jacket, and cravat? We beg leave to announce to him that we will wear what we choose, and coal-scuttles on our heads likewise—and India-rubber boots if we think proper!

Mind, it's not the charming little basque that we deprecate, but the impudence of the man that would dare to meddle with our peculiar province. We hope the very prettiest lady of that editor's acquaintance will put on a plump, cunning, provoking velvet basque, and then look daggers at him when he comes up to pay the agreeable! What would the gentlemen think of us if we interfered in their business, and advised them to wear cabbage-leaves instead of hats, or to put fringes on their coat-sleeves?

#### The Mi-Careme Fancy Ball.

The night of Mid-Lent is to be celebrated in Washington by a super-extra brilliant fancy ball at the mansion of a prominent Senator. The company is to be extremely select, and all who appear must be in the most exquisite fancy costume. Mrs. ———, herself the queenly hostess, has, if on the *du jour* may be credited, ordered a surprisingly beautiful and extensive certain establishment in Broadway, whose cost is the moderate sum of \$1,000. Her artist in hair is to come expressly from New York for one night, to achieve a triumph in the arrangement of her head-dress. All Washington is in a buzz on the subject, and the perplexity of the happy invited as to what they shall personate and what they shall wear, is intense.

#### More Calico Parties.

Calico parties still continue the fashion—several private affairs of this kind are now talked of, of course with a charitable tendency. On the 1st of March next one of these parties is to come off in the up-town realm of *bon ton*. The ladies are all to appear in calico, which is to be worn during the whole evening, and the next day are to be sent to the lovely hostess, who is to donate them to Mr. Fosse's mission.

#### The Royal Robes from the Maison Fauvet.

Among the most beautiful dresses in the royal wardrobe were some sent from the Maison Fauvet in Paris, and as our readers may be interested in what Mrs. Frederick William wears, we give a brief description. One was a pure white Indian muslin, spotted with drops of gold, and ornamented with white roses and brilliantly colored leaves. The simplicity of this was far eclipsed, however, by a rich blue satin, having three blue silk flowers, each supporting a blonde gold-lace flourish, looped with clusters of diamond fuschias. Another dress was of white crape, trimmed with velvet of Scottish plaid; another of white tulle trimmed with ruffles, and ornamented with bunches of cream-colored roses. But the most beautiful of all was a robe composed of four double tulle skirts, with a tulle of the same, heavily embroidered with gold, and trimmed with a fringe of costly Alencon lace. The head-dress which is to accompany this toilette is of golden berries hidden among pale green leaves, powdered with gold dust.

#### What they Wear in Paris this Spring.

Our Parisian sisters show better taste than ourselves in their walking-dresses; instead of appearing in the street in pale blues, vivid pinks, lilacs and fancy tints, they still adhere to plain, dark-colored silks with side robe stripes. Pyramids are much worn; some are made of black velvet hangings laid on silk up the sides, the body is made in the same style with fringe of silk and jet. *Moire antique* of gray is worn with a single skirt, and trimmed on the corsage with black lace, velvet and jet. The sleeves are wide and open to the elbow, a *Pompadour*.

#### MUSIC.

**ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.**—The management has commenced the campaign with spirit. On Monday evening Bellini's beautiful opera, "I Puritani," was given with a splendid cast. On Tuesday morning Rossini's fresh and charming opera, "Italiani in Algeri," was performed to a multitude of beautiful and fashionably dressed ladies. The opera on Wednesday night was the grand and unsurpassable "Il Don Giovanni" of Mozart, which attracted a good, but not so large an audience as we anticipated. On Friday evening, Meyerbeer's opera, "Roberto il Diavolo," was finely rendered by the company, Madame D'Angri sustaining the character of the Princess for the first time. On Saturday evening Verdi's opera, "Ernani," was given as an extra or cheap entertainment, and of course attracted a large and delighted audience.

It will be seen by the above that five operatic performances were given in one week. The house on each occasion was well filled, and nearly all present were paying visitors, so that it may easily be inferred that, large as are the expenses of the Academy company, the receipts must have yielded a fair profit. The policy pursued by Mr. Ullman is correct. Frequent performances, varied to interest every class of the music-loving public, will alone insure a profitable result to the management.

Some papers have busied themselves in discussing the propriety and the necessity of denying the privilege of free admission to certain parties, who have hitherto enjoyed it, through the courtesy of the existing management. The matter has no point in interest; it is not a subject for discussion either for the public or the press. It is purely a personal matter between the management and the parties concerned. If it is a good policy to grant free admissions to those whose opinion will benefit the establishment, the management would be foolish to deny it. Whether it is or is not good policy, the public and the press have no business to meddle in the matter.

Great preparations are being made to produce, in gorgeous style, Meyerbeer's grand opera, "Les Huguenots." The management's announcement leads us to expect something superior in the same sense to anything we have yet had presented on the Italian stage. Great expectations are raised, and much excitement on the subject is the consequence.

Mr. Ullman announces the engagement of M. Musard, who will arrive some time next month, with the pick of his instrumental performers, and commence some of his famous concerts about the middle of April. This is good news, for Musard has a world-wide reputation, and his concerts have long been pronounced admirable.

**M. ESPIER'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SOIREE.**—The second soiree of the present season took place on the 29th ult., at Dudenworth's Academy. It was a most delightful entertainment, the selections consisting of a quartette by Onslow, one by Feethoven, a trio by Mendelssohn, and two vocal pieces. The instrumental performances were entirely satisfactory. We do not remember ever to have heard this fine quartette party play with so much spirit, precision and oneness of thought. It was among the best, if not the very best quartette playing that we have heard in America. We commend to our readers this delightful series of soirees; they are purely intellectual, and to all who love good music, they offer an opportunity that should not be neglected.

#### DRAMA.

**LAURA KERN'S THEATRE.**—The excellent stage-manager and popular actor, Mr. Barnett, took his annual benefit on the 27th ult. He produced upon the occasion Mark Lemon's domestic drama, "Mind Your Own Business," an original sketch called "Steamboat Disaster on the North River; or, More Frightened than Hark," the entertainment concluding with the capital farce, "My Neighbor's Wife." It was a varied and most attractive bill, and

Mr. Barnett's friends rallied around him to testify their respect and admiration. The performances during the week have fully sustained the high character which is conceded to it on every hand. The strength of the company has been increased by the engagement of Miss Polly Marshall, of whom we shall speak more at length in our next.

**Woods's Burlesque.**—The revival of the touching drama, "Wells, the Sensible Monkey," has attracted large and delighted audiences to Christy & Wood's Minstrels, during the week. George Christy is indeed a great actor, and deserves all the praise awarded him. George Holland holds his popularity, and the negro minstrelsy is a together unapproachable.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.**—The great national drama, "The Pioneer Patriot; or, the Maid of the War Path," with Mrs. Charles Howard and Mr. Watkins in the principal characters, attracted enthusiastic and crowded audiences during the past week. Excellent as are the performances in the lecture-room, the Museum contains a thousand points of attraction, among which stands pre-eminent the great Aquarium, which is one of the most beautiful and fascinating curiosities in the world. Every one should see this wonderful union of art and nature.

#### CHESS.

##### Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

\*Answers to correspondents unavoidably crowded out this week. Attention, friends! All games, problems, solutions, &c., will be attended to in due time.

##### TO THE EDITOR.

"Why, how now, Hecate?—you look angrily."—MACBETH.

MY DEAR MR. MACBETH—You are well aware that the absorbing labors of my profession have, of late, prevented me from mingling with Chess circles, or from having ought to do with Chess literature. I regret the necessity which now induces me to crave the indulgence of your readers, and I feel somewhat contrary to the law of pens—to intrude myself into another's quarrel. But, as my worthy friend observes, "It is the cause," and more, and more, I conceive it a duty I owe to myself and my old correspondents of the *ILLUSTRATED*, to animadvert with proper severity upon some coarse, unjust and ill-natured attacks that have recently been made in the Chess column of the *Clipper*, upon that most excellent periodical, the *Chess Monthly*. When these were first brought to my notice, I confidently looked to find some well-merited sarcasm from the biting pen of the able and accomplished literary editor of the *Monthly*; but I seem to have been far too amiable to stoop to such personalities, and hence I cannot refrain from entering the lists, and throwing down the gauntlet to the whole pack—great dogs, little dogs and all. While I applaud the editor's determination not to reply through the *Monthly*, yet I imagine that the persistent continuance of these scurrilous articles, from week to week, must be annoying to him; for even seas are troublesome things, and no man who has not the hide of a rhinoceros, or the unimpressibility of a Turk, could endure their bites with nonchalance. I presume, however, that Mr. Fiske is sufficiently philosophic to settle the matter in his own mind, by these lines of Pope:

"Active, or sense, alas! can Scorpions feel?  
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?"

Or these, by Dean Swift:

"On me, when passions are satiate,  
I take it for paucity."

It is really no affair of mine; but as much as I have begun, I suppose I may be considered as decidedly "in for it," and will say to whomsoever may feel aggrieved by this communication, that at he has his remedy, and I am, like an Irishman in a "row" at Donnybrook fair, "anybody's customer." Before proceeding farther, I must enter my indignant protest against the subtle and wicked endeavor to drag my invalid friend, Eugene B. Cook, into the controversy. He is wholly unlike the rat of us, and I am sure that his kind and gentle nature permits him to say, in the words of the tragedian Lelio, "I love a row."

First, let us see who are the parties, and what are the issues. Mr. Daniel W. Fiske, editor of the *Chess Monthly*, is assailed by Mr. Milton J. Hazeltine, Chess editor of the New York *Clipper* (I take the liberty of mentioning their names, by the same courtesy that has been extended to Mr. F. by Mr. H.), and the questions raised are the respective merits of the two journals. New York Chess players can well understand and appreciate the force of the *et tu Brute* (a good you, you brute!) which would naturally have fallen from the lips of Mr. Fiske, when first he saw his cherished magazine characterized by Mr. Hazeltine as a "snobbish work." (I should have thought the word *snobbish* might have stuck in his throat, like Macbeth's "Amen!")

There is but little to be written on the subject. Had I the ability to conduct a periodical like the *Monthly*, I can only say that when the Chess editor of the *Clipper* is remembered by the Chess world, I should feel proud to be forgotten. The readers of the *Monthly* (and what good Chess player is not?) who may have seen that in the *Clipper* of which I complain, will know well enough that "tis nothing but envy and slander—"whose tongue outvenoms a lion the Nile"—and may think that I attach too much importance to the matter, and do wrong thus to galvanize it into notoriety, by dragging it into such respectable company. Doubtless this is so, but I cannot help it. All Chess players should frown down such vulgar attacks, and I should feel recreant to my sense of self respect did I fail to give utterance to my own opinion, in the most pointed and personal manner. When a Chess scribbler like Mr. Hazeltine assails a Chess writer like Mr. Fiske, in such a manner, somebody should resent it. The whole thing illustrates a truism. Your vulgar writer is always more vulgar the higher his subject; as the Cockney showman in the menagerie was wont to say, "This gentleman and ladies, is the Angle of the sun, from Harchangel in Russia; the other is, the tiger he lies."

But I have already spun this out to too great a length. A few words more, and I have done. The literary matter of the two journals speaks for itself, and any Chess player, or any gentleman, can readily judge of the merits of the one and the demerits of the other. The relative Chess skill of Mr. Fiske and Mr. Hazeltine also enter properly into a rightful determination of their claims upon the regards of the Chess public. Mr. Fiske, in the Grand Tournament of the Chess Congress, after a hard-fought battle, was beaten only by the odd game by your-self, who held the championship until wrested from you by his matchless strength of that mighty Chess genius, Paul Morphy (now co-editor of the *Monthly*), to whom the whole Chess world now bows in respectful regard and wondering admiration. Mr. Hazeltine has publicly admitted (what is true enough) that there are members of the N. Y. Club who could give him a Rook. Now, as he is a great stickler for book authorities, let us see what that standard writ, Walker, says on this point:

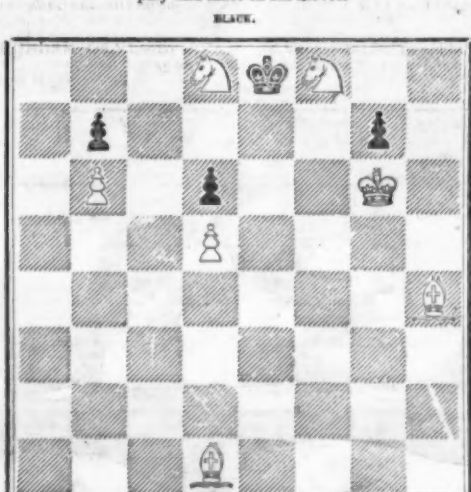
"A player to whom no one can give even the slightest odds, is termed *first-rate*. A second-rate player is he to whom the first-rate gives a Pawn in advantage. We may style him who receives the Knight of a first-rate, as a third-rate player; though many are for classing the various degrees of force with much greater nicety. The player receiving the Rook of the first-rate can hardly be classed at all. Chess begins where he leaves off!"

There Mr. Hazeltine is, in his own pillory, and there let him remain, with his ears nailed thereto! I am very sure that they are long enough.

As I despise anonymous writers, and have never shrunk from the responsibility of what I have said or written; and as I scorn to skulk behind an alias, I beg you to print my alphabet of initials in full. Yours, in behalf of all Chess players and all gentlemen,

W. J. A. FULLER.

**PROBLEM CXVI.**—By J. H. M., of Canastota, N. Y.—White to play and mate in six moves.



**SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXV.**

WHITE.  
1 Kt to Q8 (dis ch)  
2 K to Q8  
3 Kt to K6  
4 Kt mates.

BLACK.  
1 Kt B (best)  
2 Kt K (best)  
Take your choice

**GAME CXV.**—(SICILIAN OPENING.)—An instructive game between Mr. BARNES and the Rev. J. O. (From the *Illustrated London News*.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. O.	Mr. B.	Mr. O.	Mr. B.
1 P to K4	P to Q4	17 Kt to Q4	K B to Q Kt3
2 P to K4	P to K3	18 Q to K3 (ch)	P to Kt3
3 Kt to K B3	K Kt to K B3	19 Q to Kt3	Ca-tles
4 K B to Q B4	Q Kt to Q B3	20 P to K B4	K to R sq
5 P to Q B3	P to K B4	21 Q R to Q sq	K B to Kt3
6 P to K5	K B to K3	22 P to K B	Q Kt P (d)
7 Castles	P to Q3	23 Kt to K4	Q to K6
8 P to Q4	P to Q Kt4	24 Kt to K B6	K R to B2
9 K B to Q Kt3	Q to Q Kt3	25 K to B sq (e)	Kt to Q B3
10 Q B to K3 (e)	K Kt to Kt3	26 P to K B3	P Kt P (f)
11 Q B to K B2	Q B to Q Kt2	27 K R to K B3	Q to Q Kt3
12 P to Q5 (b)	Kt to B	28 K R to K B3	Kt Kt P
13 K R to Kt3	Kt to Q R4	29 Q Kt K R P	B Kt P (ch) (g)
14 P to Q6	K B to Q sq	30 Kt B	K R checks
15 Q Kt to Q2	P to Q B5	31 K to R sq	
16 B to Q B2	Q to Q R2 (e)	and Black resigned.	

##### NOTES TO GAME CXV.

(a) Much better to have retired the King to R sq. This move enables Black to bring his K Kt into action.

(b) The coup *juste*. Black's position is now too much restricted to be comfortable.

(c) With the obvious purpose of playing his imprisoned Bishop to Kt3.

(d) An oversight hardly to be expected from so fine a player.

(e) Quiet, but not objectionless.

(f) Had he ventured on the tempting move, Kt Kt K P. White, of course, could not take the Kt at once, but he would have won it by moving Q R to K sq.

(g) A clever device, but of no avail.

#### A COLUMN OF GOLD.

**HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.**—"Gracious!" sez I, "it's now time to look arter Nancy."

Next day down I went. Nancy was alone, and I axed her if the 'squire was in. She said he wasn't.

"Cause," said I, making b'lieve that I wanted him, "our colt has sprained his foot, and I come to see if the 'squire won't lend me his mare to go to town."

She said she guessed he would. I'd better sit down and wait till the 'squire come in.

Down I sot; she looked sorter strange, and my heart felt queer around the edge.

"Are you going down to Bessy Martin's?" after awhile sez she.

Sez I, "Reckon I would."

Sez she, "Suppose you'll take Patience Dodge?"

Sez I, "I mought, and then I moughtn't."

Sez she, "I heard you was g'ing to get married."

Sez I, "I wouldn't wonder a bit."

I looked at her and saw the t are cummin'.

Sez I, "Maybe she'll ax you to be br'wed."

She riz up, she did—her face was as red as a boiled beet.

"Seth Stokes!" and she couldn't say any more, she was so full.

"Won't you be br'wedmaid, Nancy?" sez I.

"No," sez she; and she burst right out.

"Well, then," sez I, "if you won't be the br'wedmaid, will you be the br'ide?"

She looked at me—I swon to man I never saw anything so awful poofy. I took right hold of her hand.

"Yes or no," sez I, "right off."

"Yes," sez she.

"That's the sort," sez I; and I gave her a kiss and a hug; I soon fixed matters with the 'squire. We soon hitched traces, to trot in double harness for life. I never had cause to repent my bargain.

##### MUSIC OF EARTH.

There is music, merry music,  
Ringing through the forest wild,  
Gushing free and full of gladness—  
'Tis the language of a child!  
Where the sweetest music is greenest,  
Where the blue-eyed violets bloom,  
Where the soft Spring air is laden  
With a wreath of rich perfume,  
He is sporting in the sunlit tree,  
With his young heart full of glee,  
And his merry laugh is ringing,  
Ringing ever joyously!

There is music, happy music,  
Echoed softly through the grove,  
Breathing gently of affection—  
'Tis the maiden's song of love!  
Blushing rose and weeping lily  
Lend their beauty to her bower,  
But with mingled tears and blushes,  
She is still the fairest flower!  
She is dreaming of the absent,  
Of his parting kiss and smile,  
And her happy song is gushing,  
Gushing gladly all the while!

There is music, solemn music,  
Sealing through the church aisles dim,  
Sweeping high in lofty tones,  
'Tis the sacred hymn of him!  
Round the altar they are gathered,  
Where the bridegroom and the bride  
Breathe their earnest vows in whispers,  
Lowly kneeling side by side,  
O, the air is pure and holy,  
And along the church aisles dim,  
Softly stealing, richly rolling,  
Falls the sacred bridal hymn!

There is music, mournful music,  
Wailing o'er the turf's low bed,  
Sounds of deep, heart-rending anguish,  
'Tis the requiem for the dead!  
'Neath the shadow of the cypress,  
Where the drooping hyacinths weep,  
They have laid the loved and lovely  
In an early grave to sleep.  
There are sighs of crushing sorrows,  
Bitter tears are vainly shed,  
Mournful voices still are wailing,  
Wistfully waiting o'er the dead!

DR. BACKUS bought a load of hay. It came to his barn drawn by a string of cattle. The forward yoke were poor, diminutive creatures, about a year old. He asked the farmer who drove them what he put such things into his team for?

"To draw!" said the farmer.

"To draw!" returned the doctor, "such things as those draw! Why, they couldn't draw Watts's Hymns for Infant Minds down hill!"

A report was in circulation that he had made a remark of very questionable propriety for a clergyman. One of his deacons, believing it to be a mistake, called on the doctor and asked him if he had ever made such a remark?

"Not that I remember," was the reply.

"Do you think," said the deacon, "that you ever could have made it?"

"Very likely I might," said the doctor; "I sound just like me."

AN AMERICAN gentleman having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there! two of the swell mob in here!" The coach waited till at length a purry, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying, "I have too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a "prince young cerson" sat, as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swell have gone out, and all's right."

A GRATEFUL CLIENT.—When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office, he visited Frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was, "Not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the defence with great ability. He confuted the witness, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The court received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulatory to take his counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect to see you again; but to show you that I appreciate your services, you shall have the pistol!" So saying, he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

POMPEY'S HAT.—"Pompey, did you take the billet to Mister Jones?"

"Es, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Es, mar, me did."

"How did he look?"

"Why, massa, he looked poofy well, 'sidering he so blind."

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbin' him de paper, he axed me where my hat was—and gorrymity, perhaps you won't believe me, but massa he war on top of my head de bull time."



M. de Morny has told many of his English friends that all gratitude is due to

Not at all, however. They all sat as if turned to stone, staring

date stampede among the "nobler sex" to give this bit of bonnet and mantilla a seat. Not at all, however. They all sat as if turned to stone, staring



THE BRIDAL

oor. Our lady, after waiting about five minutes, gave way to corn and indignation, and cooly seated herself, fringed, founced, all on the floor of the ear. The gentlemen opened wide their eyes—they were not quite prepared for this species of retaliation, and the spirited little woman resolutely declined making any. But as length with a remarkably good-looking, slim young gentleman, a "love of a moustache" and fine eyes, positively insisted on her seated seat, she acquiesced, amid the sheepish looks of the whole and much to our secret exultation. Do you suppose there was a all those gentlemen that wasn't mighty polite to everything that went for the next six weeks? There can hardly be any question on that.

An Editor's Opinion of our Basques.

Basques really going to become obsolete? We hope not, and we don't they are. But then we reserve the right to do just as we please in the matter, and are somewhat indignant at the horrible impudence of the editor of the Springfield Republican, who declares that "he gave his heart to the basque years ago," and absolutely dares to enter a protest against its passing out of date. Here are his audacious opinions, which we propose to combat at every step:

"Perhaps we shall be accused of meddling with that which does not particularly concern us."

To be sure you will, and don't you deserve it? A pretty idea, to be poking about in the mysteries of a lady's wardrobe! To be sure—what else are you good for? "Don't we have to sit with them evenings?" Yes, if you're not at the club, or the opera house, or sweetheart, embrace this great question of basques or no basques? Does not the abandonment of the basque involve the abandonment of all those pleasant varieties of dress procurable by the simple change of skirts? Just as if we couldn't settle all those matters ourselves—and can't you hug us just as well if we wear cunning little polka waists. Not that we ladies are going to let you do any such thing—no, indeed! "Is it none of our business?" For whom are these dresses made, we should like to know? Whose admiration are they intended to excite? What do ladies wear handsome dresses for, except for the purpose of pleasing the brethren? Well, we are astonished! We've often heard of the "height of impudence," but we never saw it reduced to an editor's columns. Do you suppose we "dress up" and make ourselves of ourselves for your benefit, ye race of massulines? It's a perfectly ridiculous idea! We adorn ourselves and go out radiantly on Broadway because we like to be beautiful, and to feast our eyes on one another's brightness. We like it, just as the flowers like to blossom, and the sunbeams to shine. There, you are answered now.

But it won't do to omit the finale of presumption with which this audacious editor winds up.

"We therefore take this early occasion to declare that we shall hold ourselves bound to admire no woman who discards the basque and adopts the idea of the meal bag. We will not place our arm around the waist of any woman who may happen to be in danger of falling, unless she wears a basque. We are determined to frown down this threatened change with all the power of a severely corrugated countenance. So, dressmakers, beware!"

Where's this gentleman's wife? What can his female relations be thinking of to allow him to make himself ridiculous in this unwarranted manner? Why don't he confine himself to his own coats, jackets and cravats? We beg leave to announce to him that we will wear what we choose, and coal-scuttles on our heads likewise—and India-rubber boots if we think proper!

Mind, it's not the charming little basque that we deprecate, but the impertinence of the man that would dare to meddle with our peculiar province. We hope the very prettiest lady of that editor's acquaintance will put on a plump, cunning, provoking velvet basque, and then look daggers at him when he comes up to pay the agreeable! What would the gentlemen think of us if we interfered in their business, and advised them to wear cabbage-leaves instead of hats, or to put fringes on their coat-sleeves?

The Mi-Careme Fancy Ball.

The night of Mid-Lent is to be celebrated in Washington by a super-extra brilliant fancy ball at the mansion of a prominent Senator. The company is to be extremely select, and all who appear must be in the most exquisite fancy costume. Mrs. ———, the queenly hostess, has, in the *on dis* may be credited, credibly, a surpassingly beautiful dress from a certain establishment in Broadway, whose cost is the moderate sum of \$1,600. Her artist in hair is to come expressly from New York for one night, to achieve a triumph in the arrangement of her head-dress. All Washington is in a buzz on the subject, and the perplexity of the happy invited as to what they shall personate and what they shall wear, is intense.

More Calico Parties.

Calico parties still continue the fashion—several private affairs of this kind are now talked of, of course with a charitable tendency. On the 1st of March next one of these parties is to come off in the up-town realms of *bon ton*. The ladies are all to appear in calico, which is to be worn during the whole evening, and the next day is to be sent to the lovely hostess, who is to donate them to Mr. Pease's mission.

The Royal Robes from the Maison Fauvet.

Among the most beautiful dresses in the royal treasury were some sent from the Maison Fauvet in Paris, and as our readers may be interested in what Mrs. Frederick William wears, we give a brief description. One was a pure white Indian muslin, spotted with drops of gold, and ornamented with white roses and brilliantly colored leaves. The simplicity of this was far eclipsed, however, by a rich blue satin, having three blue silk frounces, each supporting a blonde gold-lace flower, looped with clusters of diamond fuschias. Another dress was of white crape, trimmed with velvet of Scottish plaid; another of white tulle trimmed with ruffles, and ornamented with bunches of cream-white roses. But the most beautiful of all was a robe composed of four double tulle-skirts, with a tunic of the same, heavily embroidered with gold, and trimmed with folds of costly Alencon lace. The head-dress which is to accompany this toilette is of golden berries hidden among pale green leaves, powdered with gold dust.

What they Wear in Paris this Spring.

Our Parisian sisters show better taste than ourselves in their walking-dresses; instead of appearing in the street in pale blues, vivid pinks, lilacs and fancy tints, they still adhere to plain, dark-colored silks with side robe stripes. Pyramids are much worn; some are made of black velvet loggones laid on silk up the sides, the body is made in the same style with fringe of silk and jet. Mire-antique of gray is worn with a single skirt, and trimmed on the corse with black lace, velvet and jet. The sleeves are wide and open to the elbow, a *l'Amazone*.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The management has commenced the campaign with spirit. On Monday evening Bellini's beautiful opera, "I Puritani," was given with a splendid cast. On Tuesday morning Resnais's fresh and charming opera, "I Italiani in Algeri," was performed to a multitude of beautiful and fashionably dressed ladies. The opera on Wednesday night was the grand and unspeakable "Il Don Giovanni" of Mozart, which attracted a good, but not so large an audience as we anticipated. On Friday evening Meyerbeer's opera, "Roberto il Diavolo," was finely rendered by the company. Madame D'Angri sustaining the character of the Princess, for the first time. On Saturday evening Verdi's opera, "Ernani," was given as an extra or cheap entertainment, and of course attracted a large and delighted audience.

It will be seen by the above that five operatic performances were given in one week. The house on each occasion was well filled, and nearly all present were paying visitors, so that it may easily be inferred that, large as are the expenses of the Academy company, the receipts must have yielded a fair profit. The policy pursued by Mr. Ullman is correct. Frequent performances, varied to interest every class of the music-loving public, will alone insure a profitable result to the management.

Some papers have busied themselves in discussing the propriety and the necessity of denying the privilege of free admission to certain parties who have hitherto enjoyed it, through the courtesy of the existing managements. The matter has no point in interest; it is not a subject for discussion either for the public or the press. It is purely a personal matter between the management and the parties concerned. If it is good policy to grant free admissions to those whose opinions will benefit the establishment, the management would be foolish to deny it. Whether it is or is not good policy, the public and the press have no business to meddle in the matter.

Great preparations are being made to produce, in gorgeous style, Meyerbeer's grand opera, "Les Huguenots." The managerial announcements lead us to expect something superior in the *mise en scene* to anything we have yet had presented on the Italian stage. Great expectations are raised, and much excitement on the subject is the consequence.

Mr. Ullman announces the engagement of M. Musard, who will arrive some time next month, with the pick of his instrumental performers, and commence some of his famous concerts about the middle of April. This is good news, for Musard has a world-wide reputation, and his concerts have long been pronounced admirable.

A. ESSELD'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SOCIETY.—The second soiree of the present season took place on the 23d ult., at Dudworth's Academy. It was a most delightful entertainment, the selections consisting of a quartette by Onslow, one by Beethoven, a trio by Mendelssohn, and two vocal pieces. The instrumental performances were entirely satisfactory. We do not remember ever to have heard this fine quartette party play with so much spirit, precision and oneness of thought. It was among the best, if not the very best quartette playing that we have heard in America. We commend to our readers this delightful series of soirees; they are purely intellectual, and to all who love good music, they offer an opportunity that should not be neglected.

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The excellent stage-manager and popular actor, Mr. Burnett, took his annual benefit on the 27th ult. He produced upon the occasion Mark Lemon's domestic drama, "Mind Your Own Business," an original sketch called "Steamboat Disaster on the North River; or, More Frightened than Hurt," the entertainment concluding with the capital farce, "My Neighbor's Wife." It was a varied and most attractive bill, and

Mr. Burnett's friends rallied around him to testify their respect and admiration. The performances during the week have fully sustained the high character which is conceded to it on every hand. The strength of the company has been increased by the engagement of Miss Polly Marshall, of whom we shall speak more at length in our next.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—The revival of the touching drama, "Wello, the Sensible Monkey," has attracted large and delighted audiences to Christy & Wood's Minstrels, during the week. George Christy is indeed a great actor, and deserves all the praise awarded him. George Holland holds his popularity, and the negro minstrelsy is a together unapproachable.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The great national drama, "The Pioneer Patriot; or, the Maid of the War Path," with Mrs. Charles Howard and Mr. Watkins in the principal characters, attracted enthusiastic and crowded audiences during the past week. Excellent as are the performances in the lecture-room, the Museum contains a thousand points of attraction, among which stands pre-eminent the great Aquarium, which is one of the most beautiful and fascinating curiosities in the world. Every one should see this wonderful union of art and nature.

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

\* \* \* Answers to correspondents unavoidably crowded out this week. Attention, friends! All games, problems, solutions, &c., will be attended to in due time.

TO THE EDITOR.

"Why, how now, Hecate?—you look angrily."—MACBETH.

MY DEAR MARCHIE—You are well aware that the absorbing labors of my profession have, of late, prevented me from mingling with Chess circles, or from having ought to do with Chess literature. I regret the necessity which now induces me to crave the indulgence of your readers, and forces me—somewhat contrary to the law of pens—to intrude myself into another's quarrel. But, as my swarthy friend observes, "It is the cause, it is the cause," and moreover, I conceive it a duty I owe to myself and my old correspondents of the ILLUSTRATED, to animadvert with proper severity upon some coarse, unjust and ill-natured attacks that have recently been made in the Chess column of the CLIPPER, upon that most excellent periodical, the Chess Monthly. When these were first brought to my notice, I confidently looked to find some well-merited sarcasm from the biting pen of the able and accomplished literary editor of the Monthly; but he seems to have been far too amiable to stoop to such personalities, and hence I cannot refrain from entering the lists, and throwing down the gauntlet to the whole pack—great dogs, little dogs and all. While I applaud the editor's determination not to reply through the Monthly, yet I imagine that the persistent continuance of these scurrilous articles, from week to week, must be annoying to him; for even fleas are troublesome things, and no man who has not the hide of a rhinoceros, or the unimpeachability of a Turk, could endure their bites with composure. I presume, however, that Mr. Fiske is sufficiently philosophic to settle the matter in his own mind, by these lines of Pope:

"Retire, or sner, alas! can Sporus feel?  
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?"

Or these, by Dean Swift:

"On me, when dunces are satiric,  
I take it for panegyric."

It is really no affair of mine; but inasmuch as I have begun, I suppose I may be considered as decidedly "in for it," and will say to whomsoever I may feel aggrieved by this communication, that at he has his remedy, and I am, like an Irishman in a "row" at Donnybrook fair, "anybody's customer." Before proceeding further, I must enter my indignant protest against the subtle and wicked endeavor to drag my invalid friend, Eugene B. Cook, into the controversy. He is wholly unlike the rest of us, and I am sure that his kind and gentle nature never permits him to say, in the words of the tragedian Lister, "I love a row."

First, let us see who are the parties, and what are the issues. Mr. Daniel W. Fiske, editor of the Chess Monthly, is assailed by Mr. Miron J. Hazeltine, Chess editor of the New York Clipper (I take the liberty of mentioning their names, by the same courtesy that has been extended to Mr. F. by Mr. H.), and the questions raised are the respective merits of the two journals. New York Chess players can well understand and appreciate the force of the *de du Brute!* (and you, you brute!) which would naturally have fallen from the lips of Mr. Fiske, when first he saw his cherished magazine characterized by Mr. Hazeltine as a "snobbish work." (I should have thought the word *snobbish* might have stuck in his throat, like Jacobeth's "Amen!")

There is but little to be written on the subject. Had I the ability to conduct a periodical like the *Monthly*, I can only say that when the Chess editor of the *Clipper* is remembered by the Chess world, I should feel proud to be forgot. The readers of the *Monthly* (and what good Chess player is not?) who may have seen that in the *Clipper* of which I complain, will know well enough that "nothing but envy and slander"—"whose tongue outcurses all the Nile"—and may think that I attach too much importance to the matter, and do wrong thus to galvanize it into notoriety, by dragging it into such respectable company. Doubtless this is so, but I cannot help it. All Chess players should frown down such vulgar attacks, and I should feel recreant to my sense of self-respect did I fail to give utterance to my own opinion, in the most printed and personal manner. When a Chess scribbler like Mr. Hazeltine assails a Chess writer like Mr. Fiske, in such a manner, *somebody* should resent it. The whole thing illustrates a truism. Your vulgar writer is always *not* vulgar the higher his subject; as the Cockney showman in the menagerie was wont to say, "This gentleman and ladies, is the heagle of the sun, from Harchangel in Russia; the other it is, the igher he flies."

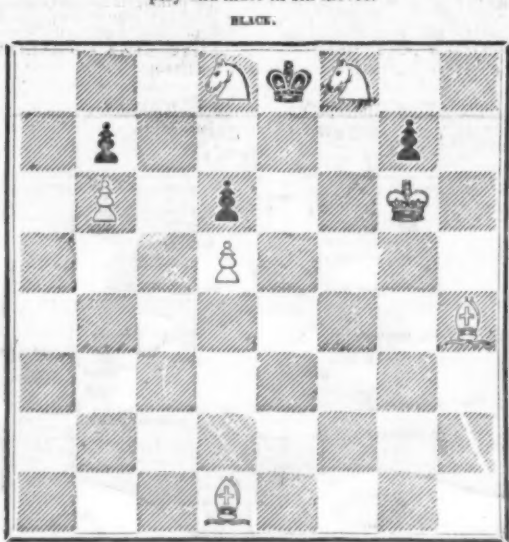
But I have already spun this out too great a length. A few words more, and I have done. The literary matter of the two journals speaks for itself, and any Chess player, or any gentleman, can readily judge of the merits of the one and the demerits of the other. The relative Chess skill of Mr. Fiske and Mr. Hazeltine also enter properly into a rightful determination of their claims upon the regards of the Chess public. Mr. Fiske, in the Grand Tournament of the Chess Congress, after a hard-fought battle, was beaten only by the odd game by your-self, who held the championship until wrested from you by the matchless strength of that mighty Chess genius, Paul Morphy (now co-editor of the *Monthly*), to whom the whole Chess world now bows in respectful regard and wondering admiration. Mr. Hazeltine has publicly admitted (what is true enough) that there are members of the N. Y. Club who could give him a Rook. Now, as he is a great stickler for book authorities, let us see what that standard writ'r, Walker, says on this point:

"A player to whom no one can give even the slightest odds, is termed *first-rate*. A second-rate player is he to whom the first-rate gives a Pawn in advantage. We may style him who receives the Knight of a first-rate, as a third-rate player; though many are for classing the various degrees of force with much greater nicety. The player receiving the Rook if the first-rate can hardly be classed at all. CHESS REGIS WHERE HE LEAVES OFF!"

There Mr. Hazeltine is, in his own pillory, and there let him remain, with his ears nailed thereto! I am very sure that they are long enough. As I despise anonymous writers, and have never shrunk from the responsibility of what I have said or written; and as I seem to skulk behind an *alias*, I beg you to print my alphabet of initials in full. Yours, in behalf of all Chess players and all gentlemen,

W. J. A. FULLER.

PROBLEM CXVI.—By J. H. M., of Canastota, N. Y.—White to play and mate in six moves.



SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXV.

WHITE. 1 Kt to Q B 5 (dis ch) 2 Kt to Q B 6 3 Kt to K 6 4 Kt mates. BLACK. R Ks B (best) R Kt to Q 3 (best) Take your choice

GAME CXV.—(SICILIAN OPENING).—An instructive game between Mr. BACKUS and the Rev. J. O. (From the Illustrated London News.)

WHITE. Mr. O.	BLACK. Mr. B.	WHITE. Mr. O.	BLACK. Mr. B.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	17 K Kt to Q 4	K B to Q Kt 3
2 P to K B 4	P to K 3	18 Q to K R 5 (ch)	P to K Kt 3
3 K Kt to K B 3	K Kt to K R 3	19 Q to K Kt 5	Castles
4 K B to Q B 4	Q Kt to Q B 3	20 P to K R 4	K to R sq
5 P to Q B 3	P to K B 4	21 Q R to Q sq	K B to K sq
6 P to K 5	K B to K 2	22 P Ks B	Q Ks P (d)
7 Castles	P to Q R 3	23 Kt to K 4	Q to K 6
8 P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 4	24 Kt to K B 6	K R to B 2
9 K B to Q Kt 3	Q to Q Kt 3	25 K to B sq (e)	Kt to Q B 3
10 Q B to K 3 (a)	K Kt to K 5	26 P to K R 5	P Ks P (f)
11 Q B to K B 2	Q B to Q Kt 2	27 K R to K B 3	Q to Q Kt 3
12 P to Q 5 (b)	Kt Ks B	28 K R to K R 3	Kt Ks P
13 K R Ks Kt	Kt to Q R 4	29 Q Ks K R P	B Ks P (ch) (g)
14 P to Q 6	P to Q 5	30 K Ks B	K R checks
15 Q Kt to Q 2	P to Q B 5	31 K to R sq	
16 B to Q B 2	Q to Q R 2 (c)	and Black resigned.	

NOTES TO GAME CXV.

- (a) Much better to have retired the King to R sq. This move enables Black to bring his K Kt into action.
- (b) The coup joué. Black's position is now too much restricted to be comfortable.
- (c) With the obvious purpose of playing his imprisoned Bishop to Kt 3.
- (d) An oversight hardly to be expected from so fine a player.
- (e) Quaint, but not objectionable.
- (f) Had he ventured on the tempting move, Kt Ks K P. White, of course, could not take the Kt at once, but he would have won it by moving Q R to K sq.
- (g) A clever device, but of no avail.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.—"Gracious!" sez I, "it's now time to look arter Nance."

Next day down I went. Nancy was alone, and I axed her if the 'quire was in. She said he wasn't.

"Cause," said I, making b'lieve that I wanted him, "our colt has sprained his foot, and I come to see if the 'quire won't lend me his mare to go to town."

She said she guessed he would. I'd better sit down and wait till the 'quire come in.

Down I sot; she looked sorter strange, and my heart felt queer around the edge.

"Are you going down to Bessy Martin's?" after awhile sez she.

"Sez I, 'Reckon I would'."

"Sez she, 'Suppose you'll take Bessie Dodge?'"

"Sez I, 'I might, and then I mightn't.'"

"Sez she, 'I heard you was g'ing to get married.'"

"Sez I, 'I wouldn't wonder a bit.'"

I looked at her and saw the t'ard 'c'minid."

"Sez I, 'Maybe she'll ax you to be bridesmaid.'"

She riz up, she did—her face was as red as a boiled beet.

"Sett Stokes!" and she couldn't ax any more, she was so full.

"Won't you be bridesmaid, Nance?" sez I.

"No," sez she; and she burst right out.

"Well, then," sez I, "if you won't be the bridesmaid, will you be the bride?"

She looked at me—I swon to man I never saw anything so awful poofy. I took right hold of her hand.

"Yes or no," sez I, "right off."

"Yes," sez she.

"That's the sort," sez I; and I gave her a kiss and a hug; I soon fixed matters with the 'quire. We soon hitched traces, to trot in double harness for life. I never had cause to repent my bargain."

MUSIC OF EARTH.

There is music, merry music,  
Ringing through the forest wild,  
Gushing free and full of gladness—  
'Tis the language of a child!  
Where the violet moss is greenest,  
Where the blue-eyed violets bloom,  
Where the soft Spring air is laden  
With a wreath of rich perfume,  
He is sporting in the sun's line,  
With his young heart full of glee,  
And his merry laugh is ringing,  
Ringing ever joyously!

There is music, happy music,  
Echoed softly through the g'ave,  
Breathing gently of affection—  
'Tis the maiden's song of love!  
Blushing rose and weeping lily  
Lend their beauty to her bowers,  
But with mingled tears and blushes,  
She is still the fairest flower!  
She is dreaming of the absent,  
Of his parting kiss and smile,  
And her happy song is gushing,  
Gushing gladly all the while!

There is music, solemn music,  
Stealing through the church aisles dim,  
Sweeping high in lofty echoes,  
'Tis the sacred bridal hymn!  
Round the altar they are gathered,  
Where the bridegroom and the bride  
Breathe their earnest vows in whispers,  
Lowly kneeling side by side.  
O, the air is pure and holy,  
And along the church aisles dim,  
Softly stealing, richly rolling,  
Peals the sacred bridal hymn!

There is music, mournful music,  
Wailing o'er the turf's low bed,  
Sounds of deep, heart-rending anguish,  
'Tis the requiem for the dead!  
'Neath the shadow of the cypress,  
Where the drooping hyacinths weep,  
They have laid the loved and lovely  
In an early grave to sleep.  
There are sighs of crushing sorrows,  
Hither tears are vainly shed,  
Mournful voices still are wailing,  
Wildly wailing o'er the dead!

DR. BACKUS bought a load of hay. It came to his barn drawn by a string of cattle. The forward yoke were poor, diminutive creatures, about a year old. He asked the farmer who drove them what he put such things into his team for?

"To draw!" returned the doctor, "such things as those draw! Why, they couldn't draw Watson's Hums for infant Minds down hill!"

A report was in circulation that he had made a remark of very questionable propriety for a clergyman. One of his deacons, believing it to be a mistake, called on the doctor and asked him if he had ever made such a remark?

"Not that I remember," was the reply.

"Do you think," said the deacon, "that you ever could have made it?"

"Very likely I might," said the doctor; "I sounds just like me."

AN AMERICAN gentleman having seated himself in a London omnibus, saw and heard what a little amused him. A man, bearing no peculiar marks of authority, looked in at the door, took a professional view of the passengers, and called out to the driver, without any pretence at modest concealment of his thoughts, "You can't go on, there's two of the evil mob in here." The coach waited till at length a purry, well-looking old man rose and stepped out, saying, "I have too much money to ride with pickpockets." In a moment more a spruce young person said, as he decamped, "I'll follow that old gentleman's lead." "Go on now," said the detective policeman, "the swells have gone out, and all's right."

A GRATEFUL CLIENT.—When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office, he visited Frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was, "Not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the defence with great ability. He confused the witness, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval of the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect to see you again; but to show you that I appreciate your services, you shall have the pistol!" So saying, he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

POMPEY'S HAT.—"Pompey, did you take the billet to Mister Jones?"

"Ek, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Es, sar, me did."

"How did he look?"

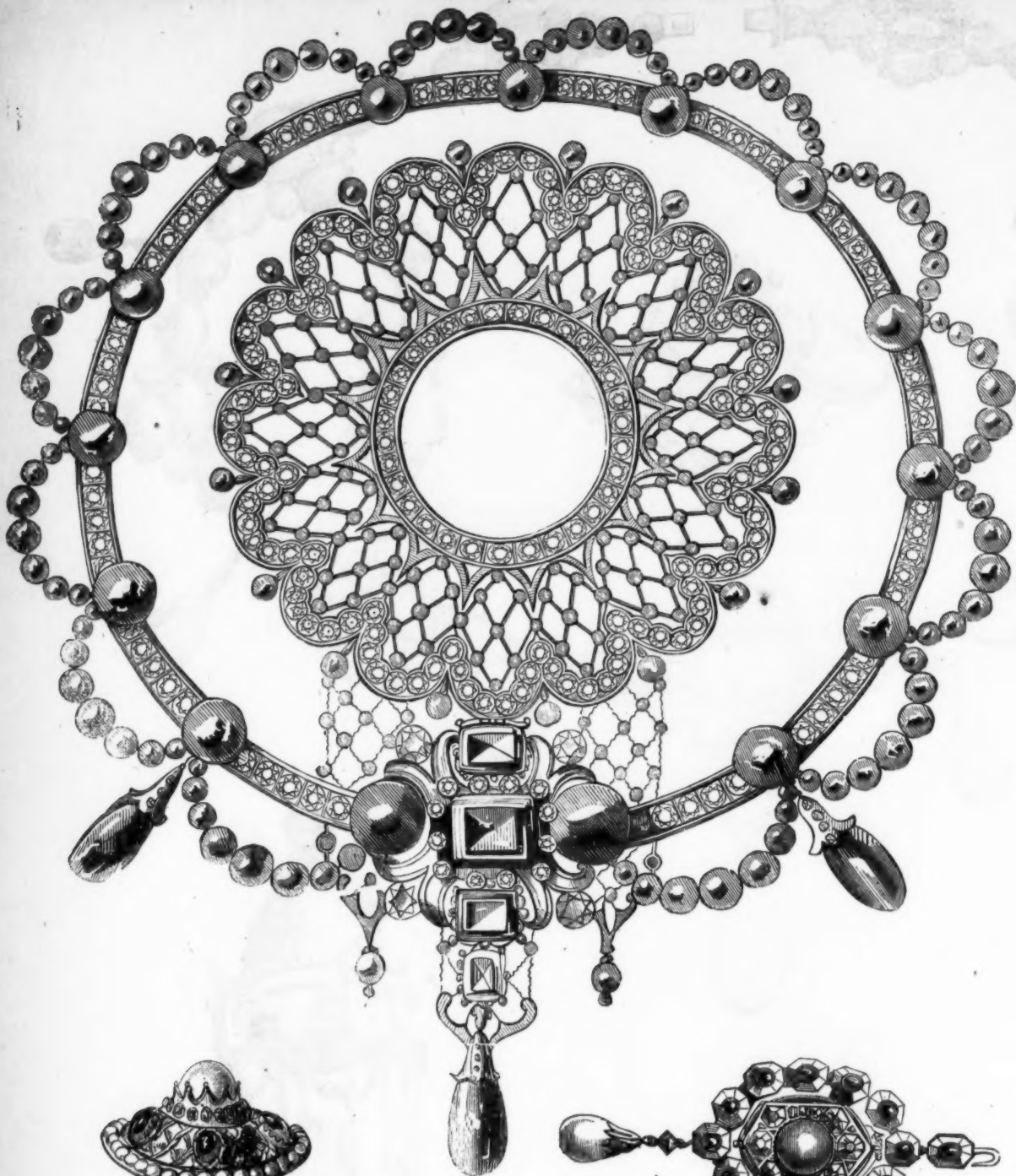
"Why, massa, he looked poofy well, 'sidering he so blind."

"Blind? what do you mean by that?"

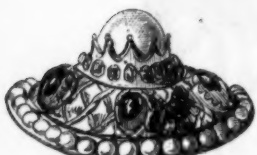
"Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbin' him de paper, he axed me where my hat was—and gorrantly, perhaps you won't believe me, but massa, he wur on top of my head de hull time."



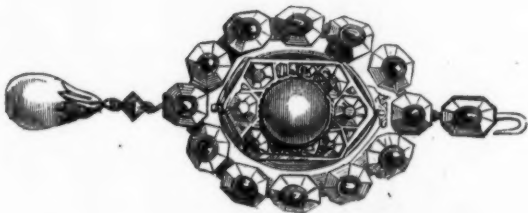
NECKLACE OF PEARLS, EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS, AND CACHEMIRE, GIFTS OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT. SEE PAGE 210.



BRACELET OF BRILLIANTS AND EMERALDS, THE PRESENT OF H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.



BROOCH OF PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.



PENDANT BRACELET.



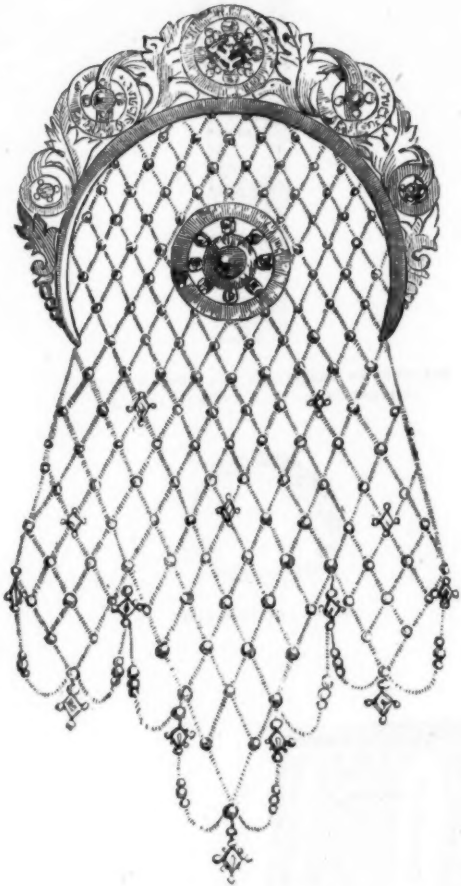
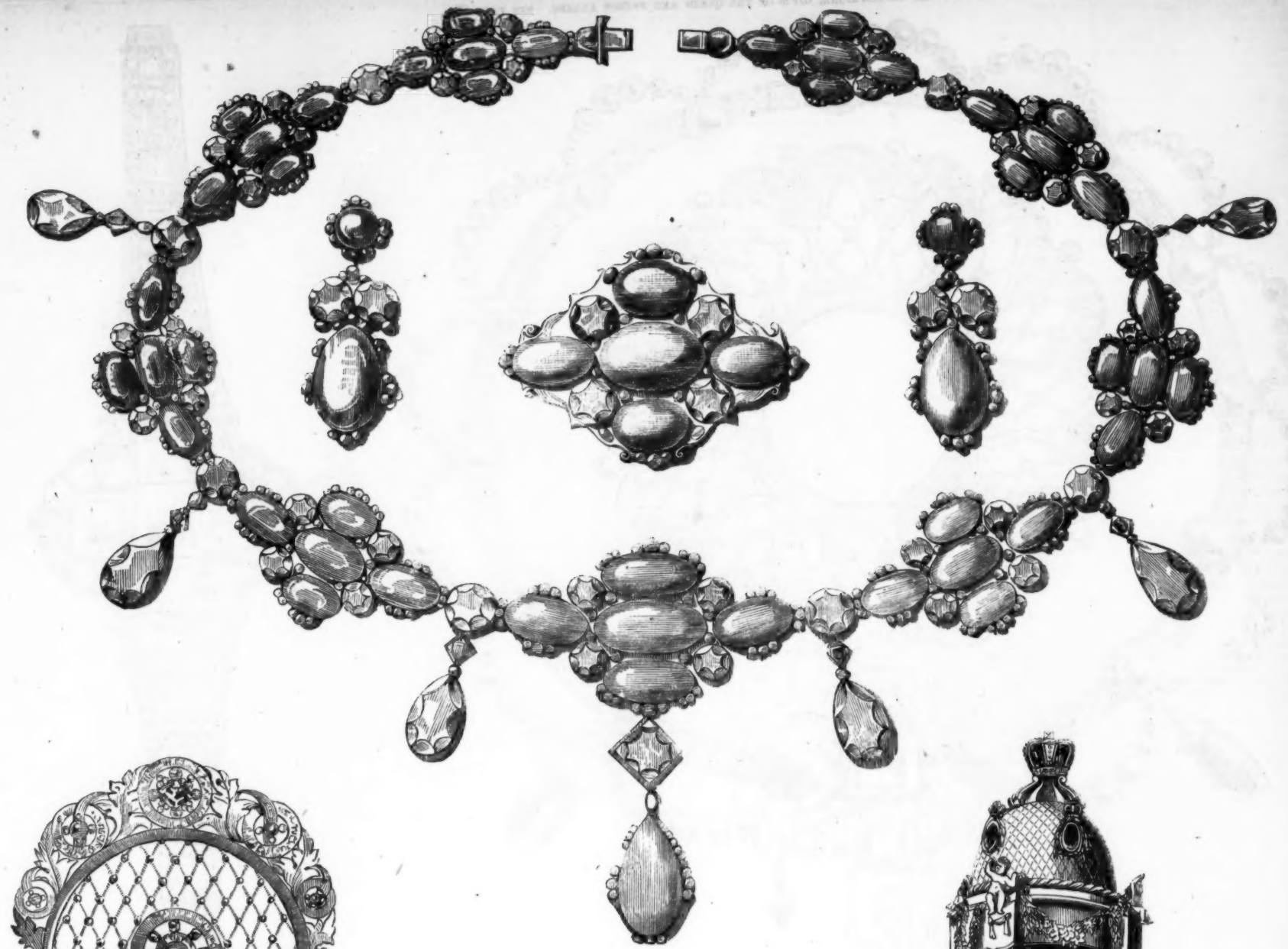
PRINCE ALFRED'S RING.



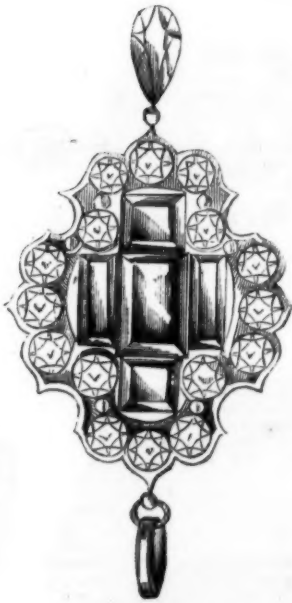
DRESSING CASE, GIFT OF DUCHESS OF KENT. SEE PAGE 210.



NECKLACE, EAR-RINGS AND BROOCH, IN DIAMONDS AND OPALS, THE GIFT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



REIN, OR HAIR ORNAMENT.



PENDANT BRACELET.



ONE OF THE BROOCHES PRESENTED TO THE LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD. ONE OF THE BRACELETS PRESENTED TO MEMBERS OF PRINCE FRED.-WM.'S SUITE. ONE OF THE BROOCHES PRESENTED TO FEMALE FRIENDS. ONE OF THE LOCKETS PRESENTED TO THE BRIDEMAIDS.

PRESENTS FROM THE PRINCESS.



THE BRIDAL CAKE. SEE PAGE 210.



## TO THE LARK.

O'er have I watched thy tiny flight,  
Deep in the cloudless sky,  
When, far beyond all human sight,  
Thy notes poured down from high.

As gentle rain from heaven descends,  
The drooping flower to raise;  
So on my thirsting, longing ear,  
Refreshing fell thy lays.

Such wondrous sense awakes within  
With sweetest impulse given—  
I felt that earth, with all its sin,  
Was not far off from heaven.

## ZOE LAVARRE,

## THE FAIR CREOLE OF LOUISIANA.

A Tale of the South.

## CHAPTER V.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.—HAMLET.

Love was in his impassioned soul,  
Not, as with others, a mere part  
Of his existence, but the whole,  
The very life-breath of his heart.—MOORE.

THE sun rose upon the last day of April, so bright that it seemed to have condensed all the sunshine of the past month into that one day as a farewell. At an early hour that morning a traveller was to be seen following the narrow path that meandered through the woods skirting the broad fields of Elmwood. He was a countryman, to all appearance, and gave evidence of having travelled long and rapidly. As the sun commenced to peep above the horizon, he approached a small stream that danced merrily over its emerald bed, and was about to stoop down to quench his thirst, when a pool of blood near him caught his sight. He looked around, surmising there might have been a wild animal killed or wounded near by, but no traces of one could be seen, only a small trail of blood, which, upon examination, he found led to a neighboring thicket, as if some bloody substance had been drawn along the ground. Determined to solve, if possible, the mystery, the traveller followed the gory guide till the tangled and thorny bushes impeded his way; then stooping down, he distinguished, through an opening in the thicket, the outlines of a man's figure. Tearing down the intervening shrubs, the stranger rushed to the spot, and there, stretched before him, was a bleeding corpse. A deep gash in the heart, as if made by a dagger, showed how the bloody deed had been done; and the livid features of the dead man, the half-closed eyes, fixed in an unearthly stare, struck the traveller dumb with horror. During that long, scrutinizing gaze he fastened upon the murdered man, he marked the carefully arranged, even elegant dress denoting the gentleman, and the face, though distorted by death, yet showed how beautiful it must have been in life, that he could but have reached the bloom of youth when stricken in death.

The traveller was a stranger in those parts, but, resolved to acquaint the nearest magistrate with the murder, he looked about for some habitation where he might obtain assistance in removing the body. Through an opening in the woods he caught sight of a tall white building, not more than a half mile distant, and he concluded to direct his steps thither. A brisk canter brought him in front of the dwelling he had remarked, and a hasty rap at the door brought a negro porter to answer his summons.

"Is your master in?" he asked of the domestic, who answered in the affirmative, and ushered him into the elegantly arranged parlor. A few moments elapsed before Mr. Ashton, a dignified, elderly gentleman, entered the room and courteously saluted his maternal visitor.

"Sir," said the stranger, rising, "I crave your pardon for this intrusion at such an untimely hour; but a short distance from here I discovered, this morning, the body of a man weltering in blood, and I have no doubt that a horrible murder has been committed within a few hours."

"A murder!" echoed the gentleman of the house, his hair rising on end. "My God! who can it be?"

"I am a stranger here, sir," answered the traveller, "and could not therefore recognize the body; but I resolved to inform the nearest magistrate of the event, and your residence being the only one in sight, I concluded to ask for some assistance here, to extricate the body from the bushes where it now lies, and inform myself of the locality of the nearest town."

"Certainly, sir," answered Mr. Ashton, still pale with terror; "I will render you every assistance in my power, and we will proceed at once to the spot. John!" he cried, in a loud voice, and the servant hastily appeared.

"Saddle my horse immediately," said his master, "and also one for yourself. Quick!"

John bowed and left the room, and Mr. Ashton, turning to the stranger, questioned him concerning the circumstances of the discovery. While he was in the midst of his recital, the negro reappeared, saying all was ready. The three mounted and rode hurriedly towards the scene of death.

"This way, sir," said the traveller, as they alighted from their horses, and leading to the thicket, he pushed aside the bushes, to make a passage for Mr. Ashton.

"Strange!" muttered the latter, as he stooped to look at the corpse. An instant after, a shriek rent the air, so wild, so anguished, that it frightened the birds from their nests, and the old man fell back, senseless, upon the ground.

"My young massa!" uttered the negro, as he too caught sight of the dead man; and his white eyeballs rolling in terror, he ran violently a few paces back, screaming, in a horrified voice, "My young massa dead! dead!"

An hour after, the lifeless body of Harry Ashton was carried on an impromptu bier to the home which so lately he had left in the full vigor of manhood. His father was supported in the rear of the corpse, insensible, his own features rivalling in palor the death hue of his murdered son. As the fatal retinue passed the threshold, screams of agony greeted it; and tearing her hair, the fond mother called upon the name of her son, in accents of such wild entreaty, that they would seem almost to startle the dead from his oblivion. Every heart melted in sympathy, but one, and he stood aloof, looking with an impenetrable expression upon the scene of anguish. No tear dimmed the brilliancy of his eye, only once; as the corpse was borne in, "a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced" upon his dark face, then disappeared, leaving it calm and cold, as before. The minister of the law sought, with commendable zeal, to ferret out the perpetrator of the horrid deed, but in vain; the strictest vigilance failed to detect the murderer, and not even a suspicion could rest upon any one. The evening of his death, Harry Ashton had started out to visit, as he said, a friend a few miles off, who, he heard, was in extremis, and promising to return early the next morning, took the direction to the wood. He never reached his destination; for, while wending his way through the shadowy forest, the assassin's hand had led him to the ground, and suddenly ushered that young soul into eternity. The intelligence of his friend's danger must have been a ruse upon the part of the murderer, for it was false—the gentleman whom he had intended visiting having had only a slight attack of indisposition. God and the assassin alone knew the terrible secret!

A week after the murder of Harry Ashton, Zoe Lavarre sat alone in the same bower where she had last seen her dead friend. Recollections of that last interview, of Harry's tenderness and disappointment, his noble proffer of friendship, all swept as an avalanche over the heart of the sorrowing girl, and burying her face in her hands, she wept long and bitterly. Her noble Harry! would she never more behold his handsome face, instinct with that beauty which only a generous heart can lend; nor hear again the voice which from childhood had never uttered one unkind word to her? Yes—they would meet again, in that beautiful, ethereal world, where sorrow's tones are never heard, and the smiles of angels chase away the tears of grief; there Harry's soul was now commingling in gladness with the spirits of the blest, and awaiting

those dear friends he had left below. As such thoughts came to soothe the bitterness of her sorrow, she raised her face, upon which a smile of heavenly hope now shone through the tears, and started at seeing Vivian Delisle standing, with folded arms, in the doorway.

"You find me mourning a severe loss," she said sadly, after a moment's pause.

"The loss of a lover, and one too so beloved, is indeed a heavy affliction," answered the young man, gazing searchingly at her. "Miss Lavarre, from my soul I commiserate you."

"You misconstrue my grief, Mr. Delisle," said Zoe, blushing slightly, but speaking with calm dignity. "Harry's death is indeed an irreparable loss to me, for I have to mourn in him a dear brother and friend."

"Miss Lavarre, I appeal to your candor, your generosity," exclaimed Delisle earnestly, "to keep me no longer in this harrowing suspense. Tell me, was he, he—" he hesitated, but continued hurriedly, "he who is now dead, nothing dearer than a brother?"

Zoe started as the eager question was addressed to her, but replied frankly, "I will not conceal from you that Harry, a short time before his death, mistaking perhaps the nature of his feelings, confessed he loved me. But I forbade him to hope for a requital, for I—I could not love him."

Delisle listened eagerly to her blushing confession—then with a muttered exclamation, threw himself upon the seat near her, and bowed his head upon his hands. For several minutes he sat there, while Zoe felt the agitation so visibly betrayed by his convulsive breathing, extending itself to her own frame—when turning suddenly towards her, he broke forth vehemently,

"Miss Lavarre, Zoe, I came hither this evening to bid adieu to one I loved with all the passion of my nature, but whose love was, I thought, pledged to the dead. In your beautiful ingenueness, you have undeceived me, and changed my despair into hope, ay, hope, that the heart I so covet may one day be mine. This declaration may appear ill-timed; but I could not quit this neighborhood without receiving from your lips the blest assurance that you do or can love me, or bearing my final doom—Zoe, speak to me, and oh! drive me not again to despair."

Zoe's heart beat tumultuously—a wild, delicious tremor pervaded her frame, and the conviction burst upon her that she loved him who was now so eloquently pleading his suit. In that one emotion, new and sweet, all other thoughts were lost, the past was forgotten in the bewildering present.

"Oh, do not trifle with me," she cried, clasping her hands, "tell me, do you love me truly?"

"Love you!" echoed Delisle passionately, "my God, she asks if I love her! Listen, Zoe—I am by nature endued by strong passions, enduring as violent. In early childhood my strange temperament betrayed itself by sudden outbursts of passion, startling in their intensity and force; but as I advanced to manhood my character grew more concentrated, but not less warm—concealing beneath a calm exterior a vehement and intense nature—as the crater's summit is often decked with smiling shrubs, while within volcanic fires are raging. As I once told you, I have loved before with a depth of passion none suspected—she deceived me, and I swore to love no more, to abjure a sex which she had rendered odious. Time passed, and none other tempted me to love again, till I met you, so strangely like my early idol, so irresistible in your pure loveliness; and I felt my very soul again enslaved by the magic charm of beauty. With inconceivable anguish I had the conviction forced upon me that your heart was another's, and despairing, mad, I vowed to bid adieu for ever to the allurements of passion and leave the scene of my second disappointment, when your words recalled me to hope. Zoe, I await your answer."

The fair girl's reply was so low it barely reached him, who hung as if for life upon her words. With one wild exclamation of joy, Delisle rose from his half kneeling position and clasped the unsuspecting form to his heart. When, an hour after, he issued from that retreat, the happy consciousness of being beloved lending an unusual radiance to his brow, the promise of an early consummation of his happiness giving aliveness to his steps—a sudden shade chased away the brightness that had irradiated his features, a shudder passed through his frame, and he hurried from the spot.

## CHAPTER VI.

I am not mad, I would to Heaven I were!  
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.

Great God! how could thy vengeance light  
So bitterly on one so bright!—SHAKESPEARE.

A YEAR has elapsed; a year, with its revolution of seasons, its changes of material and immaterial creation, its variations of joy, sadness, gloom, brightness. Shady Grove has not apparently altered since we last visited its leafy bowers, the same fragrance now freights the air as then, the foliage is again clothing the giant trees with living vestures; but a change has come over the inmates of that bright home. When first we knew Zoe Lavarre, it was in the glad joyousness of girlhood; we return, after a year's absence, to find her a wife! Yes, she has said farewell for ever to the careless joy, the sunny brightness of maidenhood, to take upon herself the vows, the duties of a wife; forsaken the name of her fathers to adopt that of him whom she thought, in her earnest love, best fitted to entrust with the whole happiness or sorrow of her future.

A few days after that evening when he wrung from Zoe the secret of her love, Vivian Delisle departed from the home which a short time ago he had found joyous and happy, and now left plunged in the deepest woe. Zoe had not erred when she told him she loved him, for now that he was gone she felt in her heart that dreary void, that restless longing which the absence of one beloved occasions, and her whole mental aliment were his frequent letters, breathing the fondest affection. With grave surprise Mrs. Morley heard the confession of her niece's engagement, and she adjured her to reflect well ere she placed irrevocably her fate in another's hand; but Zoe only answered with passionate earnestness that she would trust her very soul to him, and Mrs. Morley had to yield, though reluctantly, to her entreaties that her happiness might be sealed ere long. Four months were, it was agreed, to elapse ere Zoe vowed her liberty away; during the interim Delisle came twice to Shady Grove, but only for a short time, though his passionate protestations and devotion during his stay left no room to doubt the ardor of his attachment.

The momentous day at last arrived, and no fairer bride ever trembled as she pronounced the vows that were to bind her to another, than the young heiress of Shady Grove. It was over, and midst the tearful gratulations of friends, earnest prayers for future happiness, the youthful couple departed—for Vivian had urged that they would pass their first wedded months among new scenes, unknown faces; they would then feel so much more alone—more closely united midst strangers than at home where old friends would claim half her love—and Zoe of course consented. Those first weeks of married life were to her indeed blissful, for Vivian, wholly her own, absorbed in his love, and bending every faculty to conduce to the joy of his bride, was the realization of her fondest dreams. Every scene of interest was visited, and oftentimes they would pause in their wanderings near some wild, romantic spot, and revel in the contemplation of nature in its most lovely phase, a scene always appealing to our better natures, but whose poetic influence was most vividly felt by two young and loving hearts.

But this nomadic life at last wearied Zoe, and she longed for the peaceful precincts of her own home. To all her propositions to return to Shady Grove Vivian would answer with a vague promise of turning homewards ere long, and the young wife became at last conscious of a repugnance on Delisle's part to the spot hallowed by so many sweet associations. But Vivian could no longer find a valid excuse for delay, and unwillingly consented to leave their present romantic home for the fair domain of Shady Grove.

When our chapter commences the newly married pair had been domiciled two months already at home, but contrary to her fond anticipations Zoe did not find that perfect happiness in those dear shades she had imagined, for she discovered in Vivian a restlessness, a longing for new scenes that pained her. Often she would surprise him in fits of abstraction, and he would start when addressed, and answer with a petulance that palled upon her affectionate heart. His manner to her underwent a change, gradual but unmistakable, his former unvarying devotion being replaced by alternate irritability and passionate bursts of love. But while assuring him of forgiveness with a bright smile, after some hasty words, her heavy heart still felt those unkind words rankling, like poisoned shafts, in its loving region, and she would fly like a wounded stag to some lonely spot, to give vent to her bitter tears. Insensibly, too, her own manner

changed, as her innate pride, the heritage from her Spanish father, no longer brooking these frequent indulgences of temper, prompted her to resent them by a chilling coldness, and Vivian, goaded by her manner and his own reproaches, would absent himself for hours, even days, from the house, and return gloomy and miserable. Unfortunately Mrs. Morley was absent on a visit to some distant relative, or her gentle soothing and wise counsels might have averted some of those conjugal storms, and mitigated the sorrows of the young wife. The Ashtons, too, were abroad, having left Elmwood shortly after the marriage of Zoe, to seek, in change of scene, some assuagement of their grief. Their absence was a subject of deep regret for Mrs. Delisle, for she longed for the companionship of gentle Helen Ashton, since childhood her intimate friend and confidant; but Vivian did not share this regret, and it even seemed a relief to him when he heard of their departure, nor would any persuasion tempt him to revisit the deserted haunts of Elmwood.

But one great affliction came to absorb all the minor griefs of Mrs. Delisle, it was the conviction that her husband drank. She did not at first thus account for those long and frequent absences which so distressed her; but latterly, at their own table, in her presence, he would indulge to such an extent that his mortified and indignant wife would leave the room. Upon one of these occasions, when shocked more than ever before by the intoxication of Delisle, Zoe abruptly retired, followed even to her own room by the delicious laugh and fierce oaths of her inebriated husband. Here she gave vent, in violent bursts of tears, to the agitation that shook her whole frame; and, seizing a pen, she rapidly detailed her sufferings to her aunt, and besought her to return. "Come," she wrote, "I adjure you, that I may feel there is one being left who loves me; who will help me to support this weight of sorrow. Come—my heart cries aloud for you; and you will not, cannot, refuse its agonized appeal." The letter dispatched, she felt calmer, and accepted with almost affectionate cheerfulness the humble apologies of Delisle for his cruel conduct. "Only promise to amend your course," she cried earnestly, "and all is forgiven."

A tear glistened in his eye as he listened to her, and suddenly pressing her to his heart he left the room. Zoe augured well from this snatch of tenderness; and indeed she had no reason to complain for the next two weeks, till one evening, missing him, she sought him in his own room, and there, his eyes gleaming, a wild smile playing about his mouth as in moments of excitement, she found him. Zoe stood as if rooted to the spot. "Ha!" cried her recreant husband, turning to her with a mocking laugh. "Come in, we shall have a merry time." And seizing her hand, he attempted to draw her towards him. But his touch recalled Zoe to herself, and shaking off his grasp, she replied, with dignity,

"Remember that I am a lady, though your wife, and am not to be insulted."

"Who the devil wants to insult you?" asked Delisle savagely.

"You shall not shrink from me, for have I not defied heaven and hell to possess you?"

"Vivian, my husband!" cried Zoe, clasping her hands in earnest supplication, "cease from such wild talk and be your own noble self again! Oh, wreck not body and soul in this horrid course, but for my sake—for me—whom you loved once, turn ere it be too late, and you drive us both to ruin. Command my blood, my life, and I will willingly lay it down for you; immolates myself upon the shrine of affection; hold my bare arm to the flame and calmly see it crisped to the bone; all, anything to restore you to happiness—to virtue!"

"Can you bring me oblivion—blot out the memory of the past?" he asked, in a guttural voice. "Ha, woman, thou canst not do that! Away with you, I wish you not!"

"My God, what do you mean? Oh, Harry, my brother," cried she, raising her eyes up to heaven, "would that you were here to help me!"

"Fiend!" roared Delisle, "you uttered that name to tempt me! You have awakened the hell within me, and now enjoy your own work, hear that which will make the blood curdle in your veins, your hair stand on end, Ha! shrink not," for Zoe, pale with terror, recoiled a few paces. He approached near the cowering figure, and bending down, hissed in her ear,

"I murdered Harry Ashton! Ay! this hand you have so often clasped dealt the blow that laid him in the dust!"

The white lips uttered no sound, the large eyes, dilated with horror, remained fixed and staring, while, like Niobe, she stood transfixed—petrified.

"He dared cross my path," continued that hissing voice in her ear; "he loved you, and I swore to be revenged. I lured him into the dark woods, and plunged the blade into his quivering heart. Ha! ha! I see now your glazed eyeballs," cried the infuriated man, pointing at some vision conjured by his excited brain, "as they fix in death—I hear your death-rattle. See, there he lies—there, and further on is Louis Delmaine. I killed him, too! You need not weep, Marie, he is dead—dead. See, they beckon to me with their gory fingers, and I must go. Yes! call on; I come, I come!" And bounding to a small table in the centre of the room, he seized a loaded pistol lying upon it, levelled it at his own head and fired. With the flash of the fatal weapon Zoe Delisle let escape one long, wild shriek, and tossing her arms in the air, she fell lifeless upon the floor.

When the affrighted servants rushed into the apartment they found their master a corpse, his brain scattered upon the wall, his eyes yet glaring as if in rage; and not far from him lay extended the form of his wife, cold and motionless, as if life had fled too from that frail tenement. Mute with terror, they carried the body of their young mistress to an adjoining room, and sought to restore her to consciousness. Their efforts were long fruitless, and they feared that she slept the long sleep of death, when the rigidly contracted features gradually relaxed, and the black eyes slowly unclosed, but their vacant stare told a tale worse than death—reason was gone!

A post-mortem examination was made of the corpse, and the fearful verdict of "Death by his own hand" given. And Mrs. Morley, returning two days after the dread event, found that once happy home shrouded in profoundest gloom; the once brilliant Delisle a gory corpse, and the young, the beautiful Zoe fast sinking into a maniac's grave.

For a few weeks she lingered, but so frail, such hideous visions racking her unsettled brain and convulsing the feeble frame, that those loving her most could hardly wish her back, when her soul winged its sad flight. "Gone from earth to Heaven," murmured the devoted aunt, as she caught the last sigh in which that young spirit was exhaled.

Shady Grove passed into the possession of a cousin of the deceased, but the thrilling tragedy recently enacted within its walls threw such a gloom over the place, that the owner preferred some livelier residence, and the closed doors, the neglected shrubs trailing their long boughs upon the weed-grown grass, together with the dark associations of latter days, caused the once fair spot to be regarded with superstitious awe. And among the frightened negroes, who perform have to pass near its deserted shades, wild stories are afloat of strange visions seen at twilight flitting through its old verandahs, and wailings resounding through its uninhabited walls, as if some spirit of unrest were sending forth its mournful dirge.

THE END.

## WINDSOR CASTLE. (Continued from page 224.)

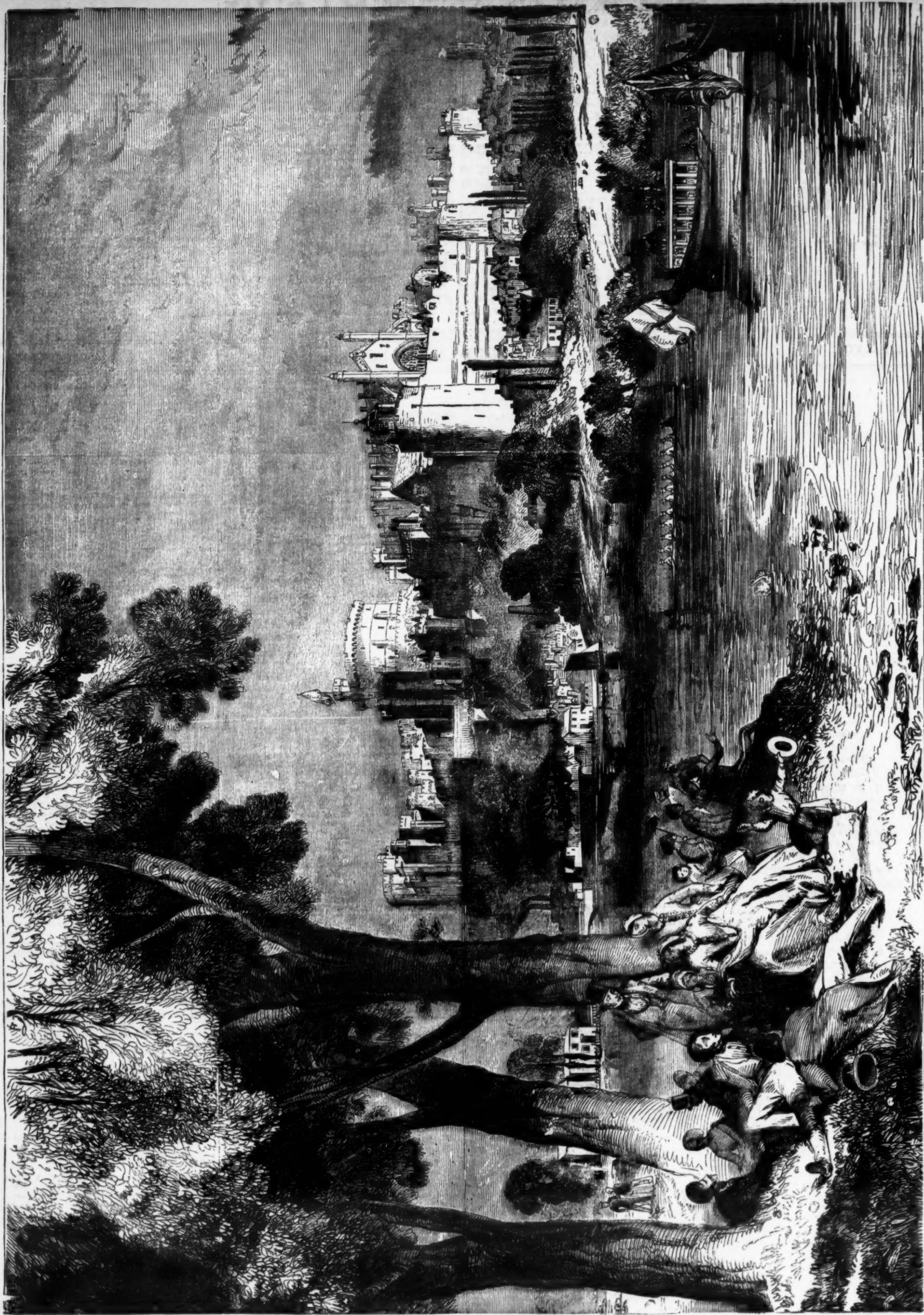
Life are the same among all enlightened people—and royalty, while it often degrades its associations, sometimes, as in the case of England's Queen, adorns it by sacrificing the pomp and circumstance of monarchical observances to the superior claims of refined life, bringing all the splendor and wealth of her position to make the home circle the most brilliant point in all her glorious life.

The castle was founded by William the Conqueror, which shows that that old filibuster had very good ideas of comfort. Edward III., who was born at Windsor, enlarged and beautified it, built the royal palace and chapel, together with St. George's Hall and its chapter, and at the same time established the Order of the Garter. Queen Elizabeth added the noble terrace, faced with freestone ramparts, like those of a fortified city. King Charles II. laid out great sums in repairing, new modelling and furnishing the palace, which made St. George's Hall one of the finest in Europe. The round tower is like an amphitheatre, very high and filled with elegant apartments. The forest is thirty miles round.









#### WINDSOR CASTLE.

This magnificent royal residence is twenty-one miles from London, and is unrivalled for beauty and historical associations. At the present moment it is of unusual interest, from the fact that the Princess Royal and her husband the Prince of Prussia proceeded to it immediately after the marriage ceremony. Not far from Windsor Castle is Eton, the institution where the youthful members of the aristocracy are so thoroughly educated and prepared for the duties of active life. The scholars of this ancient institution sympathizing with the young married couple, not only from their rank, but also from their youth, displayed their enthusiasm by drawing the carriage containing the royal

pair in triumph through the streets; and probably this spontaneous display of enthusiasm will ever be remembered by those who called it forth as one of the happiest incidents of the memorable wedding. Windsor Castle is the country residence, if you please, of the royal family; and probably its wealth of scenery, its profound retirement, its happy associations so far as Victoria and Albert are concerned, makes it altogether one of the most perfect residences of the world. While the royal family is at Windsor, its members indulge as far as possible in the enjoyments of country exercise; the Queen rides out accompanied by a single lady; the children are amused in a hundred ways with healthful games; near by Prince Albert has his model farm, the

products of which are sometimes mentioned among the prize cattle of the county fairs, and Victoria herself competes, at least in an indirect way, with the fanciers of fat poultry, her Shanghais and Dorkings, golden heads and speckled backs being deservedly celebrated, not only for their size but also for their domestic habits, displayed in their great anxiety to lay a royal quantity of eggs. The crowded state of our columns will not admit of the thousand pleasing reminiscences which might be given of the life of Victoria and Albert at Windsor. The pleasing pictures thus presented are alike sympathized with by the republican as well as the aristocratic mind; the charms of domestic

(Concluded on page 222.)

WINDSOR CASTLE, TO WHICH THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND PRINCE OF PRUSSIA PROCEEDED AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.